

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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## Cholera Cradles.

THE history of the cholera shows that it has had its origin in those great Hindoo and Musulman festivals which bring together great bodies of enthusiasts and devotees, from all parts of the Moslem and Hindoo world, at stated intervals, in places having no facilities for accommodating the concurrent crowds with shelter or supplying them with food. As many as 700,000 pilgrims sometimes meet in Mecca, living in the most abject manner and on the scantiest food, and esteeming death, in the sacred city and within sight of the Kabbah, as insuring immortality and all the delights promised to the faithful. Without medicines, ignorant of all sanitary laws except those which the founders of their religion incorporated in their religious creed—



FREEDMEN'S BUREAU BUILDING, RICHMOND, VA.

fanatical optimists in the widest sense, it is not surprising that disease should be generated and propagated among them to the widest possible limit.

It is a significant fact that the greatest curses of mankind have originated in religious fanaticism. When we speak of curses, we mean war, pestilence, and enforced ignorance.

Our great cholera epidemic of 1832 had its origin in India, in a great concurrence of pilgrims at some spot sacred to Juggenath on the Ganges.

The second, of 1848, originated in a great Mahometan religious gathering in Tintah, in Egypt.

According to the report of the French Commission appointed to investigate the cause of the present visitation of the cholera, it appears that it originated with



GLIMPSES AT THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU, RICHMOND, VA.—"SILENCE IN DE COTE."—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 357.



the pilgrims returning from the celebration of the festival of Kourban-Beiram, the feast of sacrifices at Mecca. The number of individuals of all ages and both sexes assembled from the various Mahometan countries to go through the consecrated ceremonies was estimated at 700,000, and the number of sheep and camels slaughtered, the offal of which was abandoned upon the ground, exceeded a million.

"The pilgrims came to this festival," says a writer in a recent number of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, "badly clothed, badly fed, many exhausted, and all fanatically ecstatic—to them death had no terrors, and this common earth no future. To die was to enter Paradise the earlier, the transition from life to death a mere dream, the prevention of death a curse rather than a blessing, and pain even an ecstasy. In years past this vast multitude has never assembled without being subjected to the ravages of some disease. How could such a catastrophe be avoided? They come together unprepared for all the exigencies and necessities of life. They have no encampment, no sufficiency of food or water, no latrine, no drain, no one ready or willing to bury their dead. Into such a host as this cast a speck of disease-producing matter that will reproduce disease, and the passively unwholesome living mass becomes actively poisonous. Unfortunately, too, it is a movable pest, for of the hundreds of thousands attacked, few after all reach the goal they long for. Despite fanatical hope, the majority remain tied to the earth, and these, when the great celebration is over, dragging vast miles homeward as immortalized *Haji*, before whom common mortals must uncover, carry with them the germs of disease, and disseminate it wherever they go."

We are suffering from the disease thus engendered, and it seems not improbable that, even if the present inoculation dies out, we may have a new infection next year, or later. We infer this from the fact that we have official information that the latest Mecca pilgrimage has developed the pestilence anew. The following communication has been received from the United States Consul at Port Mahon, dated June 30, 1866. It is directed to the Secretary of State, and says:

"I have the honor to inform the Department that information has been received here that the mortality among the pilgrims at Mecca, from cholera, is much greater this season than the last. The information says that the disease is more fatal and of a much more malignant type than last year. It is reported that the infection has again appeared in France. I have no information that the disease has as yet appeared in Spain. The quarantine authorities, acting upon the supposition that the disease is contagious, have instituted a rigid quarantine, going so far as to require all vessels from the ports of the United States and British ports, bound for any of the Spanish ports in the Mediterranean, to quarantine here. There is now at quarantine here, under the British flag, an American built ship, the *Lord Clarendon*, owned in and direct from New York, bound for Malaga. Vessels are arriving daily. The English outbreak all other nations, the average being about five to one of any other nation."

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### Financial Soundness of the Country.

When in December, 1864, Mr. Fessenden, then Secretary of the Treasury, made his estimates for the fiscal year ending June 1st, 1866, he calculated the receipts from customs, for the year, at \$70,000,000, and the receipts from other sources (excepting under the Internal Revenue Law), at \$25,000,000, making a total of \$95,000,000.

The accounts for the year have now been made up, and we find these estimates greatly exceeded by the returns. The customs have yielded \$170,000,000 in gold, and "other sources" upward of \$65,000,000, or collectively, nearly four times as much as Mr. Fessenden's estimates. So much for the unanticipated strength, wealth and elasticity of the United States! Disappointing, to this extent, the anticipations of her own children, how must she bring shame on the hostile prophecies of her enemies?

We have thus far only spoken of two of the sources of the income of the country. Beyond these, and gigantic by comparison, is the Internal Revenue—the proceeds of domestic taxation. From this source (apart from State and municipal taxes), the Treasury has received, for the year ending July 1st, \$308,000,000. The income of the United States, therefore, for the year, has been, in round numbers, \$550,000,000!

This is in excess of the interest on the public debt and expenses of Government not far from \$200,000,000, which will be appropriated to the liquidation of the national debt. At

this rate, the heaviest debt ever owed by any nation on earth will be paid off within ten years.

The exports from the United States for the year ending July 1st, were \$487,500,000. The imports for the same period, \$301,000,000. Balance in favor of the United States, \$186,500,000.

The exports of gold from the United States to foreign countries, for the year, has been \$57,729,000.

The receipts of gold, on consignment (as distinguished from gold arriving through private hands) from California, for the year, \$29,142,000.

No more healthful or satisfactory exhibits of the finances of a nation can be desired.

No nation on earth has been taxed so heavily, or has paid so cheerfully. The national life and integrity are above all price. The people determined, on the field of battle and through the price of blood, that the nation should live; they have equally determined, in the fields of peace and through the price of their self-imposed burdens, that the decision reached through blood and battle shall be sustained.

But, it is asked by those who would, at any hazard, prophesy ill of the great Republic: "How will the European complication affect you? In the disruption of a continent, can you hope to escape the common disaster?"

To this we have only to respond, in the language of the *London Times*. After reviewing the financial collapse of Europe, and noticing the fall of Bavarian stocks from 98 to 80, and Frankfurt from 95 to 79, etc., it concludes by saying:

"American securities still attract regular investors, as capitalists regard them as out of the reach of impending events."

Comment on this is unnecessary. Nor can it be disguised from themselves, by the most bigoted of Englishmen, that it was the opportune supply of \$40,000,000 in gold from the United States that saved the Bank of England and the whole banking interest of Great Britain from complete disaster during the late financial crisis.

Among the numerous applications of photography, none is more interesting or more useful than those which are dedicated to the purposes of astronomy. When Arago detailed to the French Academy of Sciences the process of Daguerre, he predicted that it would one day be the handmaid of astronomy. His prediction has been completely fulfilled, and astronomers have largely availed themselves of the resources which it has placed in their hands. But none have been so successful in this direction as Mr. L. M. Rutherford. He has obtained photographs of the moon so perfect that they bear being enlarged to a diameter of three feet; and they are found so exact, when submitted to micrometrical examination, that they furnish correct data for the measurement of the vibration of the moon. They serve also as a foundation for a lunar map, six feet in diameter. Photography has enabled us to determine the relative heights and depressions of the mountains and ravines with which the surface of the moon is corrugated. Nor have the labors of the photographer been confined to our satellite; excellent pictures of several of the planets also have been obtained.

The Empress of France has done much to mitigate or abate the senseless fear of the cholera, which, as much as any other cause, superinduces the disease. It is well-known that nothing will more effectually contribute to the spread of this terrible scourge than that panic which so often and so rapidly spreads among the smitten people. It has even been said that a large number of those who actually die are killed by fear rather than by positively being in circumstances which induce the disease. How wise, then, is it, to use all possible means to mitigate the terror but too universally felt! The visits of the Empress to the cholera patients in Paris last year, and this year at Amiens, are to be admired, not so much for the kindness of heart which prompted them, as for being a means by which the panics-fears of the people may be allayed. If the Empress was not afraid to go among the patients, to stay by them, to touch them, to speak words of comfort to them, it might be possible that others should safely do likewise. Though the fact proves nothing, it is yet a remarkable coincidence that, whereas before the visit of the Empress the number of cholera patients in Amiens amounted to eighty-six in a day, on the day after she had been there it fell to sixty-seven. All are not called upon by their position to take so prominent a part as the Empress has done on this occasion; but we think that she has set women generally an example of intrepidity, of courage, and of calm good sense, which cannot be without beneficial results.

We not long ago quoted an extract from Lady Emily Eden's book on India, which sounded like a passage from the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." We quote another paragraph:

"The first show of the day was Runjeet's private stud. I suppose fifty horses were led past us. The first had on its emerald trappings, necklaces arranged on its neck and between its ears, and in front of the saddle two enormous emeralds, nearly two inches square, carved all over, and set in gold frames, like little looking-glasses. The crupper was all emeralds, and there were stud-ropes of gold put on something like a martingale. Heera Singh said the whole was valued at thirty-seven lacs (three hundred and seventy thousand pounds); but all these valuations are fanciful, as nobody knows the worth of these enormous stones; they are never bought or sold. The next horse was simply attired in diamonds and turquoise, another in

pearls, and there was one with trappings of coral and pearl that was very pretty. Their saddle-cloths have stones woven into them. It reduces European magnificence to a very low pitch. . . . Behind us there was a large amphitheatre of elephants, belonging to our own camp, or to the Sikhs, and thousands of Runjeet's followers, all dressed in yellow or red satin, with quantities of their led horses tramped in gold and silver tissues, and all of them sparkling with jewels. I really never saw so dazzling a sight."

In the midst of all this magnificence comes one of the sharp contrasts so marked in Oriental life. Runjeet is ill, Dr. D. goes to him, and this is his room: "A little glass closet, in a corner of his palace, with a common cot to lie on; no other furniture whatever, and hardly room for any."

For the benefit of our city readers, and such as live in towns where street cars impose a fare of six cents, under the plea that it is authorized by the Internal Revenue Law, for the benefit of such, we have to say that, on the 1st of August, an amendment of that law went into effect, in terms as follows:

"And whenever the addition to any fare shall amount only to the fraction of one cent, any person or company liable to the tax of two and one-half per centum may add to such fare one cent in lieu of such fraction; and such person or company shall keep for sale, at convenient points, tickets in packages of twenty, and multiples of twenty, to the price of which only an amount equal to the revenue tax shall be added."

In other words, the street car companies must sell twenty tickets for 102½ cents or 103 cents, or a fraction over five cents each—and at "convenient points."

THE statistics of the decline of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Island race are positively frightful, and we believe almost unparalleled in modern history. In 1823, three years after the arrival of the American missionaries, the population of the islands was estimated at from 130,000 to 150,000 souls, while twenty-five years later, in 1848, there were not more than 80,000 inhabitants. The census of 1859 gave the total population at but 73,137, of whom 2,118 were foreigners, while the enumeration of 1860 showed a further decline to 69,900, namely, 67,084 natives and 2,816 foreigners. Thus there was a decrease of 3,337 individuals, or nearly five per cent., in the course of seven years. What increases the meaning of these figures is, that the women are dying out much faster than the men, the excess of males over females amounting at the census of 1860 to not less than 6,198. It seems not too probable, therefore, that the unmixed Hawaiian race will follow the Dodo, and be extinguished within the term of our own generation. The missionaries appear yet to entertain a hope of regeneration by means of police and hard work. But what on earth can ever induce a people to work in a country where "a faro pit, having the area of an ordinary dressing-room, will keep a man in food the whole year." Even a sub-editor would go on strike under these conditions. Travelers seem inclined to look upon the degradation of the women as one of the great causes of the decline of the race, but it appears very doubtful whether this is not rather a consequence than a cause.

Among the possible, if not probable results of the European war, will be the extinction of the "sick man" Turkey, who has only been kept alive through the jealousies of other powers. England and France fought for her against Russia, and England paid for her—that is to say, gave her money to support Oriental extravagances, while France got the glory of the war. England knew very well with whom she had to deal, and bound the Sultan with paper fetters. This was Palmerstonian policy. But it turns out that Turkey is insolvent, the coupons of the consolidated debt have not been paid, and it is said that bonds which the government had pledged itself not to issue till 1867, have already been secretly sold. The government appears to have lost its credit completely, no one will lend it anything, and it must, if its expenditure goes on, speedily come to a dead lock. It is, perhaps, as well that the inevitable break-up of this empire should be preceded by a bankruptcy. Englishmen never like a defaulting State, and it is as well that the final arrangements should not be impeded by an ignorant English sympathy with a tribe which is now simply a nuisance in Europe. At the same time the break-up will probably not be too rapid for safety, for once free of the debt, the Sultans will go on as they did before they began raising loans—spend when they have money, and when it is done steal more.

INSTEAD of a tunnel between England and France, it is now proposed to establish an ocean ferry, worked by steam vessels of immense size, constructed to carry across the channel not merely passengers and their luggage, but the railway trains in which they are brought from London or Paris. These boats will start from docks to be specially constructed at Dover and Calais, and will, like the Great Eastern steamship, convey their living freight with practical immunity from the discomforts of a sea passage. The details have, it is stated, already been worked out in the design of the vessels, and they will insure to the passengers protection from weather and from all delays and inconveniences of transshipment. The scheme is one which could be completed and brought into operation in less than two years, with an expenditure of less than a million and a half sterling. "Few will deny," says a writer in the *Times*, "that this appears the more practical proposal, and the most likely to benefit the present generation. The tunnel could not be completed in less than twenty years, or at less cost than £20,000,000, to say nothing of the possibility that after years of labor and enormous expense it might turn out to be impracticable and a failure."

THE condition of things in Vienna, after the great battle of Sadova, is thus depicted in a private letter, dated from that capital, July 6th:

"This city was for four-and-twenty hours in a state of

stupor; people could with difficulty realize that the Prussians were within three days of the place, and that the road to the capital was entirely open to their triumphant army. Yesterday I saw the Emperor pass, pale and shrinking into the corner of his carriage, as if he was overwhelmed with grief; he was going to the hospitals. That is his first occupation of each day since the commencement of this terrible war. At four in the evening, when the last telegram arrived, it seemed as if the entire city had received the same electric shock. Then, with reflection, a reaction set in, and nothing else was discussed than the means to be adopted to continue the war against Prussia. 'Let us abandon Venice to the Italians,' was the cry; 'and let us recall our southern army to the help of that of the north!' A little more, and I believe the population would have cried, 'Long live Italy with Venice!' Men are at work night and day to fortify Vienna on the side of Floridsdorf, where the roads meet by which the Prussians will come. A few glacis placed between an army drunk with its triumph and a demoralized population make but a poor defense. Everything concurs in the depression of men's minds. This morning the removal was commenced in all haste from the station of the Northern Railway of all the stock, to prevent its falling into the hands of the enemy. The war will now probably be stayed for a time. The Prussians are going to occupy Prague, which has been disarmed and left without a garrison; also Brunn, an open town; and Olmütz, where the population is preparing to defend itself vigorously. Already the King's army is maneuvering in that sense. A new army is in course of formation in Austria, and it is really a wonderful thing to see the enthusiasm of all these people who come and offer themselves, some as volunteers, and others to furnish money or gifts in kind. To whom will this new army be confided? To the conqueror of Custozza, it is said, conjointly with the Emperor, who is perhaps the best tactician in the empire. A great work of revision is in progress at the Ministry of War. There is a proposal to eliminate a certain number of officers. Yesterday, at two in the afternoon, the venerable King of Saxony arrived at the Northern station, where the Emperor and all the Imperial family awaited him. The two sovereigns were deeply moved when they embraced. Late events appear to have greatly aged King John."

"GOING to the bad," or going to Baden-Baden, which many people seem to think is about the same thing, is not as easy this year as heretofore; for the Grand Duchy of Baden has sided with Austria in the European war, and is, consequently, in what old women call "a state of mind." A correspondent, enamored of Europe, undertook lately to go Baden, knowing it to be "a dreadfully immoral place," but he found the road neither straight nor broad. He says, with well-feigned tears:

"Now you approach the station, and are absolutely obliged to carry your own bag. Not a carriage is to be seen. The platform is in the possession of solemn-looking porters and a fierce-looking policeman; the fir trees along a melancholy dirge as the wind murmurs through them. The streets are lonely, and when you arrive at your hotel any amount of rooms are at your disposal; nay, the landlord himself ushers you to them, a person whose august presence in happier times one never saw except on very grand occasions. The shops are still there, but there is no incentive to buy, for your spirits seem weighed down by the surrounding desolation; and the rooms—alas! poor Bonnet, your hour has come; no one in the 'triste et quarante' rooms, and three miserable in the roulette-room playing for thalers; the retiring hall gives you a shudder, and instinctively you rush to the adjoining café to support human nature; but, alas! here, too, you see an avowed, horrible difference—one waiter, or, at the most, two, positively asleep in a corner for want of occupation. The shops in the streets are full of last year's fashions, and the Lichtenthal avenue is deserted, whilst the many handsome villas which line it remain unoccupied, and all this because of the war. We fear we shall not even have any races this year to chronicle—the nicest meeting of the Continent, the pretty course, the absence of betting, the well-dressed crowd, the order and discipline which make it so delightful, will all give way before the stern hand of war, which is at present slowly but surely ruining the middle and lower classes."

"The war has certainly produced many and diverse effects, the direct and worst calamity of which is the ruin it has brought upon an otherwise prosperous people; all gayeties, all festivities are at an end; the *beau monde* flies and takes refuge in the Swiss mountains, and for a time Germany wears a mourning shroud."

### TOWN COSSIP.

OUR heated term has been followed by the most magnificent weather, and the usual clammy sultriness of August has given place to breezes borrowed from October, and balmy breath exhaled by May. Old Sol hides his lurid face behind convenient veils of cloud, and gentle showers drop down upon us as if in commemoration of our past sufferings. Rarely is our midsummer such a season of delight, and rarely does nature dispense such loving smiles and brighten the world with such generous cheer.

One would think, from reading the daily accounts of life at the summer resorts, that the city was utterly barren of any source of pleasure, and that all the beauty, fashion, wealth and intelligence of the metropolis have gone on a holiday excursion, leaving behind them only the sons of toil and the votaries of gain; and yet in this Babel the absentees are scarcely missed, the streets are no less crowded, and no outward sign betokens any diminution of our population.

A cent is an insignificant trifle, and a fraction of a cent is so infinitesimal as almost to defy computation of value, especially since we have become accustomed to count dollars by millions and hundreds and thousands of millions, and yet this trifling fraction of a cent has been the occasion of no small degree of public indignation, and led to very serious difficulties. Our city railroads have been in the habit of charging seven-eighths of a cent above legal fare, and the people have submitted to the injustice, as they submit to many abuses, if not cheerfully, still without murmuring. Now, a recent law obliges the companies to sell tickets at convenient places at the exact legal rate, but they evade the enactment by offering their tickets at only one or two practically inaccessible points, extorting from every passenger who has failed to provide himself with the requisite postage, the fractional excess, and those who indignantly refuse to pay it are subjected to gross indignities and arbitrary arrest. The matter to each individual is trifling, but the aggregate gain to all the roads from the overcharge amounts to one hundred thousand dollars per month—a sum they are very unwilling to lose; while the patient community, feeling that the outrage has continued long enough, are equally unwilling to submit to further extortion, and, with law and right on their side, manifest a very natural disposition to be recalcitrant. Whether the monopoly or the multitude will gain the day is still a matter of doubt.

The even tenor of our way has been slightly disturbed by the arrival in our city of a real Queen, one who has worn a crown and swayed a sceptre, and received the cheerful homage of willing subjects. Of course in a land where all claim to be sovereigns and none are ready to obey, royalty is somewhat at a discount, but the good lady has been greeted very cordially. The municipal authorities have embraced the opportunity to make a public display of their courtesy, and Mr. Chilton, from the State Department at Washington, has been sent here to dance attendance upon her Majesty, and assure her of the very distinguished consideration in



which she is held at the Capital. Probably the Queen is more honored by the attention of the gentlemanly representative from the Government than the representative is by the mission upon which he has been sent; but it is, nevertheless, a becoming recognition of Queen Emma's personal worth, and of the claim of her country upon our regard, that she should be cordially welcomed to our shores. She is the widow of the late Kamehameha IV., of the Sandwich Islands, and went to England about a year since, partly to visit the country, and partly to excite an interest in the missionary efforts in her own dominions. She is represented as an amiable, interesting personage, aside from her public character, and it is not out of place for us to afford her both gratification and encouragement.

There are some things we would not relish, removed from their associations. It is a convenience to have our bread brought fresh to our doors every morning, and to be regularly supplied with our daily modicum of ice; but we would not care to have eloquence doled out to us by the time's worth, poetry measured off at so much a line, and music done up in parcels like a package of groceries. The peripatetic organ-grinders, however, seem to be of a different opinion, and measure the sweetness and length of their strains by the amount of currency they receive. One, a little more enterprising than his fellows, has mounted his organ on a cart, and with an antiquated equine specimen, goes about the streets retelling sweet sounds, and looking with contempt upon the humbler pretensions of his less ambitious imitators. Verily a locomotive organ is a new device, and a convincing evidence that the world moves.

Speaking of enterprise suggests the fact that one of the daily papers, in the exercise of a wise liberality and business tact, regales its readers each morning with a column of special dispatches by the Atlantic telegraph. As all the other papers have precisely the same intelligence, the uninitiated have been puzzling themselves to understand in what the specialty consists. This, however, is one of the mysteries of journalism, which has more in it than is dreamed of in ordinary philosophy. By-the-way, the great cable is proving somewhat of a coquette—very chary of its messages. We still have to depend upon the steamers for important and reliable news. Perhaps when it becomes more accustomed to its new bed, and somewhat relieved from carrying compliments to mayors and other dignitaries, it will behave itself as a good-natured, trustworthy cable ought, and promulgate good deeds that it deserves public confidence and general esteem.

The cholera lingers amongst us, but creates no panic, though the number of deaths from it last week was larger than at any time during the season. As we have passed by the time when all such afflictions are the most fatal, and as there is a decided abatement of the malady, we may reasonably hope that for the present it will not prove a severe scourge, and that the wise sanitary measures adopted will effectually check its ravages.

Of the theatres little can be said. The summer is not their proper season, and, in many other things, the merit of the performance is gauged very much by the size of the audience. No novelties have been introduced during the week, and the same programme has been retained for a considerable period. Preparations for the fall season are, however, quite active, and we are promised some fine entertainments.

### PHYSICAL EXERCISES FOR FEMALES.

THE tendency of the modern mind to the appreciation of robust health, and of the active exercises which are so favorable to it, is shown in nothing more clearly than in the fact that now-a-days the heroine of a novel, in order to be interesting, need not be of the languishing, fainting, hysterical order, but must be able to ride, and row, and walk, and play croquet, and perhaps cricket, with the most active of her fellows. It is true that all this activity does not prevent her from being a highly sentimental and otherwise properly "feminine" person. Nor, indeed, is there anything "masculine" or "strong-minded," according to modern notions, in a woman's being subject to a process of physical as well as mental education.

Now that every one has gone into the country or to the seaside, or to journey in foreign lands, it is perhaps a little appropriate to consider what physical recreations there are which are open to and practiced by women, especially those who are still almost in their girlhood. In this enumeration we wish to bear in mind that active exercise appears to us one desideratum, and amusement to be gained another. Such simple out-of-door employments as gardening, or looking after favorite poultry, come more under the description of light work than of actual recreation.

Of course, almost the first thing that suggests itself as an amusement which women pursue is croquet, a game which appears to exercise unbounded fascination over all who once indulge in it. We have, indeed, heard it lightly spoken of by mere spectators, who "could see nothing in it," but a consideration of the hours spent in its pursuit has brought us to the conclusion that there must be an occult satisfaction arising from its practice. As a recreation it seems to us to have but one good point—namely, that it keeps the players in the open air; but it affords very little active exercise, and leads to much stooping and lounging about, which cannot, we imagine, be always advantageous. Of its capabilities of drawing together a certain amount of "society," and affording opportunities for flirtations, it is not now the occasion to speak.

People (and their name is Legion) who are now at the seaside, are enamored of bathing. Bathing, as it is practiced at our coast resorts, is, no doubt, a delightful recreation; but if to it swimming could be added, the delight would be increased, and the possible use and advantage much extended. Though swimming is an art so easy of acquisition, and so useful in practice, it is surprising how few possess it. Women who can swim may be able to do good service, where those who cannot must only wring their hands in despair of being able to help. It is not long since we read that the British Humane Society had awarded one of its medals to a young lady, who had saved the life of another, which was endangered while they were bathing. It would be well if swimming were taught to girls as a regular part of their physical education. It may be said that the means of teaching are not always easy of access; people are not always on the seaside. But there are rivers, and lakes, and ponds, which may be used for purposes of bathing and swimming; and in most large towns there are swimming baths which might be employed. In some of the London baths a certain day is appropriated exclusively to women. In this country, if it were made clear that women would use the bath in sufficient numbers to make the thing pay, we are certain that there would be no difficulty in insuring a similar appropriation.

Rowing is an exercise which is gaining ground and favor among women as a physical recreation, and it is one to be commended. A good style of rowing is as attainable by skill on the part of women as on that of men, and, if the amusement is indulged in at all, this ought to be aimed at. Whether ladies will ever condescend to compete in rowing matches is a question of the dim future. Perhaps the highest excellence is only attained through competition; but for all that, we are not prepared to speculate about the matter at present. When rowing becomes more general, it will be time enough to consider it.

The question of competition suggests the recreation of archery, which is so much in vogue among large sections of society. Archery has some of the advantages of croquet in bringing people together, and in its practice it gives a good deal of active exercise, and

requires great skill and exactness. Its drawbacks are that it requires somewhat expensive appliances and a considerable space of ground, which is not always at command.

For young girls of from twelve or thirteen to seventeen or eighteen we have heard of a modified species of cricket recommended. We have heard of a large girls' school where cricket matches are regularly played, and entered into by girls with much spirit. It is to be hoped that they are more amenable to discipline than the young men sometimes are. If cricket be objected to as involving too much strain on the bodily powers of girls, we would still recommend that they should indulge in active sports, taking, if possible, some of those in which both eyesight, and modifying them to suit themselves. We do not for our part dread that this activity will be followed by any deterioration of morals or manners on the part of the girls.

There remain to be noticed two of the physical recreations which are practiced by women—riding and walking. These may be dismissed in a few words. The former is not possible to all; and for those to whom it is attainable it needs no recommendation. The latter is to many women their only source of exercise, and is practiced by many as a species of rather melancholy duty. We have but to say that a walk undertaken with no definite object appears to us one of the most dreary things in existence; but, with even the least purpose, the attaining of a certain point, the observation of a particular point of view, the gathering of a flower in its native haunts, it becomes a means of healthful exercise which cannot with impunity be neglected.

### THE BOUNTY BILL.

THE following is the bill to equalize the bounties of soldiers and sailors who served in the late war against the rebellion, as it finally passed both Houses of Congress:

SEC. 1.—Be it enacted, etc., That to each and every soldier who enlisted into the army of the United States after the 19th day of April, 1861, for a period of not less than three years, and having served his term of enlistment, has been honorably discharged, and who has received, or is entitled to receive, from the United States, under existing laws, a bounty of \$100, and no more; and any such soldier who has been honorably discharged three years who has been honorably discharged on account of wounds received in the line of duty, or of disease, or minor children, or parents in the order named of any such soldier who died in the service of the United States, or of disease or wounds contracted while in the service and in the line of duty, shall be paid the additional bounty of \$100 hereby authorized.

SEC. 2.—That to each and every soldier who enlisted into the army of the United States after the 19th of April, 1861, during the rebellion, for a period of not less than two years, and who is not included in the foregoing section, and has been honorably discharged therefrom after serving two years, and who has received, or is entitled to receive, from the United States under existing laws a bounty of \$50 and no more, and any soldier enlisted for less than two years who has been honorably discharged on account of wounds received in the line of duty, and the widow, minor children, or parents, in the order named, of any such soldier who died in the service of the United States, or of disease or wounds contracted while in the service of the United States and in the line of duty, shall be paid the additional bounty of \$50 hereby authorized; provided that any soldier who has forfeited, sold, assigned, transferred, loaned, exchanged, or given away his final discharge papers, or any control in the bounty provided by this or any other act of Congress, shall not be entitled to receive any additional bounty whatever; and when application is made by any soldier for said bounty, he shall be required, under the pains and penalties of perjury, to make oath or affirmation of his identity, and that he has not bartered, sold, assigned, transferred, loaned, exchanged, or given away either his discharge papers or any interest in any bounty as aforesaid, and no claim for such bounty shall be entertained by the Paymaster-General, or any other accounting or disbursing officer, except upon receipt of the claimant's discharge papers, accompanied by the statement under oath, as by this section provided.

SEC. 3.—And be it further enacted, That in the payment of the additional bounty herein provided for, it shall be the duty of the Paymaster-General, under such rules and regulations as may be prescribed by the Secretary of War, to cause to be examined the acts of each and every soldier who makes application therefor, and if found entitled thereto, pay said bounty.

SEC. 4.—And be it further enacted, That in the reception, examination, settlement and payment of claims for said additional bounty due the widows or heirs of deceased soldiers, the accounting officers of the Treasury shall be governed by restrictions prescribed for the Paymaster-General by the Secretary of War; and the payments shall be made in like manner under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury.

### EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

**Domestic.**—The Secretary of the Treasury has appointed Mr. Browne Commissioner to collect mining statistics in the States and Territories west of the Rocky Mountains. He will proceed to the Pacific coast by steamer on the 11th inst. The appointment is an excellent one.

A morning paper is slightly worried over the fact that Congress failed to specify the distinguishing uniform to be worn by Gen. Grant. There was a good reason for this failure. The fact is, that Congress has nothing to do with this matter. The one-hundredth article of war says, very briefly but quite plainly, that "the President of the United States shall have power to prescribe the uniform of the army." Acting under this authority, we presume that President Johnson will prescribe for Gen. Grant whatever style of uniform the latter may choose to adopt.

There are five newspapers now published by negroes south of Mason's and Dixon's line—namely *Colored Tennesseean*, at Nashville; *Tribune*, at New Orleans; *Nationalist*, at Mobile; *Legal Georgian*, at Augusta; and *Communicator*, at Baltimore.

Rev. E. H. Gardner, a Methodist Missionary to the Freedmen of Kentucky, was mobbed and ducked by men in Georgetown, Kentucky, lately, for preaching to the negroes.

The statement of the public debt, dated the 1st of August, shows that the total debt is \$2,770,416,608, while the amount in the Treasury is \$137,517,592; the amount of the debt over and above the cash in the Treasury being \$2,632,899,016. A decrease of \$29,862,844 in the total debt is shown by the statement since the last statement, made on the 1st of June.

The Raleigh (N. C.) *Sentinel* assures American Israelites that the section of the new State Constitution relating to qualification, has been framed so that they shall not be excluded from office under it. The *Sentinel* adds that since 1861 Jews have held office under it.

Formerly to be a la mode, a well-dressed lady, according to the milliner's ideas, should have her front hair very high, and her back hair in a depressed condition. Now, to be excruciating, the front must be very flat, and the appendage soaring aloft. The system of arranging the tuft in the shape of several little rolls of bread is becoming fashionable.

The Fair of the New England and Vermont State Agricultural Societies will be held on the grounds of the Windham County Park Association at Brattleboro, Vt., September 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th, 1906. The grounds are pleasantly located, on the bank of the Connecticut river, and are ample for the purposes of the exhibition. Premiums amounting to over six thousand dollars will be offered in the various departments. Arrangements have been made with nearly all the New England railroads for the transportation of stock and articles free, and conveyance of passengers attending for fare one way. Inquiries may be addressed to Henry Clark, Poultney, Vt.; David Goodale, Brattleboro, Vt.; or Daniel Needham, Boston, Mass.

Deafport, S. C., which was formerly an aristocratic winter resort of the Southerners, has be-

come completely Yankeeized with New Englanders. The Mayor of the city is a New Englander, and every office-holder, landowner, and storekeeper hails from the same section.

The whole amount received by the Mayor of Portland for the relief of the sufferers by the fire, up to and including Saturday last, is \$272,670 89.

Carpenters at Portland, Me., receive \$3 50 a day. There is plenty of work for them there at that price, and will be for some time to come.

Mr. Waldack, of Cincinnati, in spite of difficulties unknown in the ordinary practice of photography, has succeeded in taking a number of beautiful stereoscopic views of the Mammoth Cave, as vivid and clear as if they were sun-paintings. The negatives already printed embrace two views of Gothic Chapel, the avenue behind the Giant's Coffin, the bridge over the Bottomless Pit, the Deserted Chamber, and several others. Light is obtained entirely from magnesian.

P. T. Barnum and others are preparing to start a large zoological garden in New York, in connection with Barnum's Museum, a part of which show will be free to the public, and the entire exhibition kept down to Museum prices. A charter for the association has been obtained from the Connecticut Legislature, with a capital of two million dollars, and thirty acres of land have been purchased in the vicinity of Bridgeport, on which are being erected suitable buildings and glass edifices for breeding and acclimating of rare animals, birds, etc., and for training some of them for public performances.

W. B. Cooper, the young naval officer who assumed the name of Paymaster Allen, at Washington, the other day, and by an ingenious and elaborate forgery of papers, succeeded in obtaining fifty thousand dollars at the Treasury Department, was married to the daughter of Mr. Deftres, Superintendent of Printing, and was starting on his marriage tour, intending to visit Europe, when he was arrested.

An artesian well, in process of sinking at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, Ill., has reached a depth of 446 feet. The last ninety feet have been bored through the solid rock. There were at one time indications of oil, but these have disappeared.

We regret (says the *Charleston Courier*) to announce the decease of Mrs. John C. Calhoun, the widow of South Carolina's great statesman, at Pendleton, S. C., on the night of the 25th of July.

**Foreign.**—A curious case in kleptomania is reported in Paris. A lady bought half a pound of fine prepared wool at a shop at ten francs the pound, but popped a leg of mutton belonging to the shopkeeper into her bag with it. The action was seen by the master, who politely took away the lady's bag, and said: "I think my assistant made a mistake—he has given you too much wool. We will weigh it; indeed the bag weighs seven pounds, which, at ten francs the pound, will be seventy francs. Will you take the whole of the wool? Too glad to fall in with the humor of the shopkeeper, the lady agreed, paid and departed with her leg of mutton, and the shopkeeper sent the money to the poor of the quarter.

In the neighborhood of Cokermonth, England, a person had a washing of small articles, which were put out to dry in the orchard. While they were being collected in the evening, three handkerchiefs and five ladies' collars were missing, and as they could not be found, they were accounted for as stolen. Next morning something white was discovered in one of the apple-trees, and upon examination, it seemed that a blackbird had made a pretty successful attempt to build its nest with the missing articles. They were of course removed; but the following day "blackie" had pilfered a couple of small caps, and appropriated them to the same purpose.

The *Monteur* announces that a chapel is to be erected to the memory of the thousands of persons buried in the Catacombs of Paris. These galleries are seldom visited now, except by the workmen who are engaged in keeping them in a state of repair.

The operation of cutting the Koh-i-noor diamond occupied thirty-eight days of twelve hours per day without intermission. Some parts of the stone were so hard that in six hours' time, with the wheel revolving two thousand four hundred times per minute, scarcely any progress was made.

One of the most curious objects recently discovered in the excavations in France is what we may venture to call a Roman gridiron. It is engraved and described in a recent work by M. Maximilian de Ring, who has made extensive researches in the early cemeteries and burial-places in Alsace. This implement is extremely well made of iron, coated with bronze, with a raised open guard on one side for the meat, and a groove to catch the melted fat. Along with this implement, in the same grave, were found a long iron knife and a bronze spoon or ladle, with a long iron handle.

The Prussians, who during the pending of the negotiations were pressing into Bavaria, have allowed the people of that country to be included in the terms of the armistice. The Prussians, in the meantime, are manufacturing paper money and forcing it upon the inhabitants. By the armistice agreement, the Bavarians are to occupy Mentz during the negotiations.

The Rhine is reopened to commerce.

The Italian navy is to be reorganized, and the admiral commanding at Lissa is being court-martialed.

The Swiss troops, which had been organized as an army of observation, had been disbanded.

The Austrians, evidently fearful of the further encroachments of Italy, despite the armistice, were pouring troops into the Tyrol, nearly forty thousand having already been sent there.

The cholera is rapidly increasing in England.

The French minister of public works has awarded a gold medal to Albaret & Co., of Limbourg, for steam coach to run on ordinary roads. This coach lately descended a hill from Leon to the railway terminus at the rate of five miles an hour, and afterward ascended the same hill in eight minutes, with a weight of five tons. The trial was repeated with so much success that it is now ascertained the engine can draw a weight of thirty-nine tons on an ordinary road at the rate of from three to four miles an hour.

A learned German, M. Hausener, has just published some statistics, from which we extract the following: "The wars which have been waged from 1815 to 1864 have caused the death of 2,762,000 men, of whom 2,148,000 were Europeans, and 614,000 from other quarters of the globe, which gives an average of 45,800 per annum. These figures do not include the deaths caused by epidemics resulting from war. The most sanguinary hostilities of that period are these: The Eastern war of 1856, in which 508,800 men fell; in the following proportions: 255,000 Russians; 98,800 Turks; 107,000 French; 45,000 English; and 2,600 Italians. In the Caucasus (1829-30) 330,000 men lost their lives. The revolt in India (1857-59) cost 196,000 lives; the Russo-Turkish war (1829-29), 193,000; the Polish insurrection (1831), 190,000; the whole of the French campaigns in Africa (1830-59), 146,000; the Hungarian insurrection, 142,000; the Italian war, 129,970; of whom 85,974 died on the field or from their wounds; and 38,000 from various diseases. The total number of lives lost in Europe during the wars from 1792 to 1815, amounted to 5,590,000, which gives for the twenty-three years an average of 240,434 deaths per year.

### THE WORCESTER REGATTA.

THE Annual College Regatta at Worcester, Mass., came off successfully on the 27th ult., and attracted unusual attention, not only among the collegians, but also among rowing men throughout New England.

As Yale and Harvard were the contestants, there was, of course, a general exodus from the ancient halls of these two institutions. Other colleges were well represented, and, indeed, all classes of people were out in force. Ladies—some flying the blue ribbon of Yale, others decked with the red colors of Harvard—were in

full attendance, and added much to the gaiety of the scene. The day's performances consisted of a baseball match between Harvard and William's College, in the morning, and the citizens' regatta, followed by the college regatta, in the afternoon. A base-ball match had been played in the afternoon previous, between the Freshmen of Yale and the same class in Harvard. Harvard lost both the ball-matches. In the Freshmen match the score stood: Yale, 36; Harvard, 53. In the match with William's the record is given: William's, 39; Harvard, 56. After the ball-playing was over, and dinner had received due attention, the crowd became anxious to proceed to the lake, which is distant about a mile from the city. The accommodation for conveying people thither were ample. Special trains were run out to the lake-signal, and the majority took that route. The walk from the stopping-place to the lake is short but picturesque.

Lake Quinsigamund lies two-and-a-half miles from Worcester, and is four to five miles long and about half a mile in width. The shores are well wooded with various species of trees, and gently undulating fields lend a charm to its peculiar beauty. It was a fitting place for the exhibition of man's skill and faithful training, which thousands came to witness, while the friends of each party gayly flaunted the colors of their favorites, and blue and red designated the kindly interest manifested in the result of the contest.

The first race on the programme was a single scull-race between the noted champion, Joshua Ward, and a young man from Portland, comparatively unknown, but who distinguished himself on this occasion by winning an easy victory, accomplishing the two miles in fifteen minutes and fifteen seconds.

The second race was a four-oared race, for a distance of three miles, for which four boats entered.

This race was won by the boat Frank Queen, in nineteen minutes and forty-one seconds. But the great event of the day was the two college races, the Scientific and the University.

Up to this time the interest of the sporting fraternity was manifested by small bets of ten, twenty-five and fifty dollars, and the enthusiasm of the multitude had found vent in faint and scattered cheers as the contests became close. When the Scientific came on, however, the sympathetic enthusiasm excited by the approaching trial permeated the whole multitude on both sides of the lake and on the crowded bridge which crosses it. The previous matches had been sectional, and their results comparatively insignificant. But when Yale and Harvard appeared abouts rent the air, fair hands waved welcome and encouragement in white handkerchiefs to the gallant youths whose claims to consideration were soon to be measured. Harvard was longing to wipe away the stain of defeat and to vindicate the skill of her rowing representatives; Yale, on the other hand, had relaxed in discipline from its high standard of last year; her crew has had no regular trainer. This year her professor of gymnastics has essayed occasionally with them, to be sure, but seldom, and with nothing like that vigor which, in all physical achievements of this nature, demands to be observed. Her boatmen gave evidence of good muscular development, but the whiteness of their arms and faces was not a favorable contrast to the bronzed color and defined sinews, as well as the brawny-built and vital appearance of Harvard. She, the vanquished in the past two years' regattas, had been looking for the laurels which had left her, and she has found them. The officers of the college regatta were, on the part of Harvard, Mr. B. Agassiz, son of the distinguished geological professor at Cambridge; on the part of Yale, Mr. W. Bacon, of New York; referee, W. H. Carpenter, of Providence. The judge at the upper stake was Mr. J. N. Ellison, of Providence.

The prestige of Yale assured her many friends, who were confident that new laurels would be added to her renown. But the result proved their expectations vain; as Harvard soon obtained the lead and kept it to the end, winning the race in eighteen minutes and fifty-three seconds, the knights of the blue ribbon joining in the applause, and still hoping for success in the University race, on which the championship depended. Best and last, and still more observed, came the trial of skill between the University crews. Yale this time had the inside track, and, after considerable difficulty in getting the boats properly in the line, the umpire gave the signal, and Yale got the start. Both boats skimmed briskly over the water beneath the mastery sweep of the oarsmen. Harvard slowly gained with her quick, strong strokes upon Yale, with her long and deliberate but effective impulses. As before, however, the Harvard style was in the ascendant. Though a torrent of rain commenced to fall, and the unbranded assembly on the shore moved restlessly to and fro, the occasion was too exciting to admit of a retreat at this juncture, and they held on with unflinching purpose. At the buoy or turning point, Harvard was about four lengths ahead. Back they came, Harvard widening the distance between her and her rival. Her crew arrived at the judge's boat, notwithstanding the pelting rain, after an absence of eighteen minutes forty-three and a quarter seconds. Yale came in in nineteen minutes ten seconds. The time made last year in the College Regatta was: Yale, eighteen forty-two and a half (18:42½); Harvard, nineteen nine (19:09). There was a dispute at the time the last regatta took place, the referees differing in their reports. It was agreed that the result of this year should decide the mooted question, and it is considered that the Yale victory in the former match was three-fourths of a second better than this year's. But Harvard is satisfied, and holds the *garden of merit*.

Notwithstanding the heavy rain which fell during the entire race, the interest and enthusiasm of the spectators continued without abatement. It was a sorry time for millinery and crinoline, but the fair ones who honored the occasion with their presence were as brave as fair, and persistently remained in their places, though drenched like mermaids. Our illustration gives a view of the University race, the great feature of the regatta. At the conclusion of the races the members of both colleges collected at the Bay State House, and had quite a festive time, keeping it up till a late hour, and aptly illustrating the words of the poet:

"No sleep till morn when youth and pleasure meet."

**A POPULAR FALLACY.**—That out-door exercise before breakfast is healthful. It is never so; and, from the very nature of things, is hurtful, especially to persons of poor health; although the very vigorous may practice it with impunity. In winter the body is easily chilled through and through, unless the stomach has been fortified with a good warm breakfast; and in warm weather, miasmatic and malarious gases and emanations speedily act upon the empty and weak stomach in a way to vitiate the circulation, and induce fever and ague, diarrhoea and dysentery. Entire families, who have arranged to eat breakfast before leaving the house, and to take supper before and after, while the whole community around them was suffering from it for having neglected these precautions,





THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. BECKER.

### THE HARBOR OF ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

On this page we give a fine view of the harbor of St. John's, a town of very considerable importance to the fishing interests. The harbor is spacious, and sheltered on all sides by high hills protecting it from the fierce storms of the Atlantic, so that there is always a safe and commodious anchorage. The place is quite strongly fortified; in fact, its position is a defense, and it needed but little expenditure to render it secure from any ordinary assault.

The town lies along the north side of the port, consisting mainly of one street. There are a few handsome and well-built edifices, but most of the houses are of wood, and, in consequence, the place has frequently suffered severely from extensive fires. The population of St. John's is about 25,000.

### THE CHECK REIN.

Our ignorance often betrays us into the perpetration of injustice and cruelty, against which all our

better feelings revolt, and we are sometimes unconsciously guilty of acts about which, if we reflected, we would be heartily ashamed. The horse is a universal favorite—we admire him, we are proud of him, we value him very highly, and yet abuse him incontinently. True, we do not violate the law against cruelty to animals, we do not stone and beat our pet, but in a mistaken kindness we subject him to many hardships and burdens wholly unnecessary, and confine and trammel all his natural movements most unmercifully. The harness we use is so constructed as to interfere with the easy, natural and graceful gait the animal would voluntarily assume, and is frequently the cause of accident and danger. We cover his eyes so that he cannot see distinctly, we curb and fasten his head so that it is impossible for him to go forward, except as if he were on stilts.

On this page we give two illustrations of the cruelty of this device, showing how the horse is tortured unnecessarily and imperiled by this worse than useless appendage. If he stumbles in consequence of being blindfolded, he must inevitably fall, because, denied the use of his head, he has no power to recover his step.

It is time we understood more fully the character and wants of the noblest of our animal servants; we have no excuse for our ignorance, and we ought not foolishly to abuse and torture so useful and docile a friend as the generous, patient horse.

### OUR BASE BALL ILLUSTRATIONS.

In another column will be found the portrait of Mr. C. C. Commerford, of the Waterbury Club, of Waterbury, Connecticut, being No. 5 of our series of Base Ball portraits. Mr. Commerford is well-known to the New York ball-players of the old school as the noted short stop of the original Gotham nine, and afterward as one of the first nine players of the Eagle Club in its palmy days. Of late years, however, he has been a resident of Waterbury, Conn., and he had not been a citizen of the pretty little Yankee town long before he became instrumental in organizing a base ball club, of which, of course, he was the master-spirit and the leading player, by right of skill as well as experience. Under such leadership the club flourished from the

start, and the Waterbury Club now ranks as high as any organization of the kind in the State.

Of one thing the club has a special right to be proud, and that is, its beautifully located and exceedingly picturesque ground. Standing on the grounds of the Waterbury Club in such position as to take in the whole landscape at a glance, a view is presented unequalled in its beauty by any ground in the country. On the left winds the Naugatuck through its charming valley, inclosed by grand old hills, not only adorned with the original woods, but embellished with the shrubbery and gardens of the wealthy citizens of the town, whose handsome residences are located on the hills, that of Mr. A. B. Wilson, of sewing machine notoriety, being prominent in the picture. The scene presented to view on the occasion of the grand match between the Union and the Waterbury Clubs, on the 27th of July last, was one ever to be remembered by all who witnessed it. Some three or four hundred ladies added beauty to the prospect on the occasion.

Mr. Commerford's forte as a ball-player is his play at short field, in which position he excels. Quick and active in his movements, and graceful withal, and play-



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—THE ABUSES OF THE CHECK REIN.



CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—HELD DOWN BY THE CHECK REIN.



ing with judgment at all times, he is at once the strong point of the nine, and a good model for his less-experienced companions. In batting skill, too, he ranks high, his grounders being a feature of his play at the bat. Though short stop is his regular part, Charley can be very effective in other positions, he being also very efficient in general his nine, a position few can occupy as creditably. Skillful as he is as a player, his moral traits of character merit the highest commendation, for Charley is quite the *beau-ideal* of a gentlemanly ball-player, his good humor making him the choice spirit of his club, this very desirable characteristic of a gentlemanly player being far too rare in the community.

With such energetic leaders as Charley Commerford to manage the affairs of a club, and to give tone and character to its members, our national game would soon be seen flourishing throughout every town and village in the Union to an extent not even dreamt of yet. It is to such as he, however, that the fraternity must look for the permanent establishment of the game on a thoroughly reputable footing; and to his exertions, ably seconded as they have been, is the Waterbury Club indebted for its popularity and high reputation as a fine playing club, and one of the most hospitable party of ball-players in the National Association.



C. C. CUMMERFORD, WATERBURY B. B. CLUB, WATERBURY, CONN.

In our next, we shall give the portrait of Mr. James Maxwell, of the Susquehanna Base Ball Club, Wilkes-barre, Pa.

#### A FOGGY MORNING ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE perils of the sea are the greatest near the shores, and when a good at ip has nearly completed her voyage, she is often in the most imminent danger. The Banks of Newfoundland are always the dread of mariners; they are near a rocky coast, they abound in dense, impenetrable fogs, and their unsuspected currents drive the vessel far out of its proper course. The hardy fishermen alone feel at ease, and pursue their work amid fogs and currents unconcerned. They also furnish pilots to the various steamers whose captains are unwilling to assume the responsibility of going over this dangerous part of their route.

We give on this page a view of a very common scene,

a fleet of fishermen, the steamer awaiting her pilot, and the fog driving along in dense foreboding masses, forming, altogether, a wild and grand spectacle, yet one that must be seen to be duly appreciated. The boom of the signal gun, and the tolling of the bell as the vessel proceeds slowly and cautiously, heighten the gloom; and a feeling of relief is always experienced when the Banks are safely passed.

#### HERRING'S SAFES.

As it is impossible, or at least impracticable, to construct buildings absolutely fire-proof, it is a matter of the first importance to devise some means of preserving books, papers and other valuables, in the event of a disastrous conflagration. The intense heat of an immense fire, like that at Portland, sweeps away stone and iron walls as if they were mere wooden frames, and it matters not how well-built a city may be, it is at all times liable to destruction from the devouring element. The merchant who would protect his valuables must not trust to his building; it may crumble and fall—but a good safe will secure what stone walls and iron defenses fail to guard.

On this page we give a picture of one of Herring's safes, which was taken from the ruins at Portland. Its appearance shows plainly the effects of the ordeal to which it was subjected, but its contents were uninjured, and though at one time it was at nearly a white heat, yet so perfectly was it made, that it resisted the power of the fiery furnace, and proved what it professed to be—a safe. There were several of these safes in that fire, and in every instance they stood the test, preserving their contents perfectly. No better evidence of their excellence could be given; they are a convincing proof of the skill and perfection obtained in their manufacture.

#### THE FREEDMEN'S BUREAU.

THE necessity of making some provision for the protection and direction of those who were suddenly elevated from slavery to freedom, became obvious as soon as the difficulties connected with the new condition of things presented themselves. The freedmen needed security from injustice on the part of their former masters, many of whom were not disposed to recognize the claims of their old servants, and likewise security from many of their own race, whose ideas of right and wrong were not very clearly defined. Hence the origin of the Freedmen's Bureau, which was designed for the mutual benefit of both the white and colored population, and which, on the whole, has proved an institution of great benefit, notwithstanding the incompetency and unfaithfulness of many of its agents. It is impossible in any large organization to find men who will always be dutiful, prudent, just and honorable, but the shortcomings of a few individuals are no argument against the propriety and necessity of the organization. The concurrent testimony of all parties and classes is conclusive in favor of the Bureau, and on the whole, its operations have been beneficial and its influence salutary.

On the first page we give a view of the Freedmen's Bureau building in Richmond. During the war it was the headquarters of the Provost Marshal. The Episcopal church which Jeff. Davis attended is seen in the distance, while in front appears the familiar market-wagon. The building is plain and unpretending, and was erected by Gen. Winder for a military office.

We also give a sketch of the court while in session, representing a scene of constant occurrence. The Court consists of three Judges, two clerks and a crier, and was established in October of last year. The person sitting at a table is a colored man, who draws up petitions and transacts other business for the Freedmen, though they may employ lawyers, if they choose. The Richmond attorneys generally practice in this court, which holds its sessions every other day, and tries all cases in equity.



ONE OF HERRING'S SAFES, RESCUED FROM THE GREAT FIRE AT PORTLAND, ME.

#### MARKET SCENE AT NORFOLK.

SOME of our wants are artificial, arising from our culture and habits; some are natural, being a part of our constitution, but all clamor loudly for supplies, and to meet that is the great task of life. There is one especially importunate and unwearied, which we cannot deny for a single day, and which imposes upon us our heaviest burdens. This is our want of food. Whatever else we do, or leave undone, we must eat, and be our fare coarse or dainty, rich or plain, we cannot forego the demands of appetite, and say to its clamors, Be still. To supply this great demand of humanity is the end and aim of a great share of all our industries. Agriculture, commerce, trade, are largely occupied in furnishing the world with something to eat. The market is, therefore, one of the prominent features of every town, upon which, more than anything else, depends social comfort, and even existence itself; and the scenes at the market are oftentimes exceedingly striking and picturesque. There is the accumulation of fish, fowl and fowl—the contribution of the heavens above and the waters under the earth; there is the array of things beautiful to behold and tempting to the taste; there are the original characters, who so well know how to set off the good points of their stock, and persuade a purchase whether you will

or not; there is the crowd, the jargon, the commingling of castes, and ages, and sexes, in one eager, anxious, surging mass, that make going market such a feature in our daily experience.

Our illustration of a scene at the Norfolk market has some features peculiar to the latitude of the sunny South, and which will readily suggest themselves. There are no better marketers than the sable race, who monopolize the great share of the business in Southern towns. They know how to praise their own wares, and at the same time to flatter an indifferent visitor into a prompt investment of any stray dimes he may happen to possess, while there is nothing you need they will not obtain for you or promise.

And withal, they are so cheerful and shrewd, as to be almost irresistible. A visit to the market gives one an insight to human nature he will hardly obtain as readily at any other place, and whether it be made for business or pleasure, will well repay the time it consumes.

Two Quaker girls were ironing on the same table. One asked the other which side she would take, the right or left. She answered promptly, "It will be right for me to take the left, and then it will be left for thee to take the right."



A FOGGY MORNING ON THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND—THE STEAMER TAKING A PILOT ON BOARD.



## MEMORY.

BY MERLE OONO.

How me that song: I am weary of battle,  
Weary of toiling the treacherous steep,  
Weary of mirage-lights, luring me onward,  
Weary of harvest I never can reap.  
Sing! it is years upon years since I heard it,  
When I was culling life's garlands and leaves,  
Ere the cold mountain-tops gleamed in the distance.  
Sing! ah, what pictures its memory weaves!

I will forget, as I listen, the dangers  
And the rough places since then I have passed,  
Linking a daisy-chain with my man's fingers—  
Sing the old cradle-song to me at last.  
Trying to think I have only grown larger,  
That I am still the same boy in my heart,  
Back in the past, olden memories withered,  
Down boyhood's hopes, and old wounds and their smart.

Losing the roar of the world and its rattle,  
Schemes and inventions, losses and gains,  
Watching the light on the meadows and hillsides  
Here I sit, weaving a child's daisy-chain!  
Feeling a calm stealing over me gently—  
O God, why ever mingle in clamor and strife!  
Hear the brook's murmur, that swells to a river;  
So I rushed on to the ocean of life.

How it comes back, the old mood, as I listen!  
There's a flaw in the diamond, a blight at the heart;  
Then I was purer—the gem has been tarnished,  
And all my long life I shall feel but the smart.  
The meadows are green, I am knee-high in clover;  
Ha, butterfly! flashing your wings in the sun,  
I catch you—I hold you, you frolicsome rover!  
What's this?—a sad tear! The sweet song is done.

## The Circle of Light.

## CHAPTER I.

I HAVE, for some years, dwelt in a house which stands on the corner of two streets in a certain city.

It is not a fashionable neighborhood, though a populous and busy one, and the two streets that form the angle referred to are seldom solitary during the hours of traffic and toil.

My rooms are on the first floor, and have windows looking upon both thoroughfares, and directly upon the corner there stands a gas-lamp.

When this lamp is lit it projects its yellow rays in a large circle of light, illumining a segment both of causeway and sidewalk, and as I sit at one or the other of my windows, I can plainly discern the style of the equipages, the color of the horses, and the general appearance of their drivers, and, occasionally, even catch a glimpse of the features of those who sit within the vehicle; while the forms and faces of the foot-passengers are perfectly clear to me.

Being a listless, dreaming kind of man, and very sedentary in my habits, I often spend whole evenings—sometimes, indeed, the greater part of the night—sitting at my window, and gazing absently at the figures that pass and re-pass out of the shadows into the circle of light, and again out of the light into the shadows, like the fantastic images of the magic lantern. And I am prone, now and then, to speculate vaguely, and, as it were, involuntarily, upon the possible individualities of some of these passing figures; to fancy their characters, their pursuits, their hopes and fears, their schemes and purposes, their good deeds and good thoughts, and their evil deeds and evil thoughts, until I have come to have a sort of belief in my clairvoyant powers, and to feel a dim kind of confidence in my capability of reading the riddles of these lives, of which I see nothing save a form and face coming suddenly out of the darkness and as suddenly vanishing into it again. Whether I ever have touched the margin of the actual in this midnight sailing over the sea of imagination, however, heaven only knows.

Like enough I may have done so, now and then, however; for, after all, am I not a man? and are these not my fellows? and are not the secret springs of being, and doing, and suffering—but enough of such speculation! I am not writing a psychological essay, but simply a sketch—a story, if you like—of persons and things visible and tangible. Let me to my theme, then, without further vagaries.

## CHAPTER II.

ONE evening—it was a windy, rainy, comfortable evening in February—I sat by my east window, smoking my Turkish pipe, filled with the fragrant *tutaka*, and ever and anon glancing at the gas-lamp, that seemed to glare angrily at me in return from its yellow eye, and to give me a hideous sort of wink, now and then, through the driving rain.

Thus looking, at a certain moment I became aware of a figure standing under, and leaning against the iron post of the lamp.

[I should state that it was about nine o'clock, and that there was no light save that of the coal-fire in my chamber, it being my fancy to sit thus, without other illumination than the circle of light outside.]

The face of the figure was turned from me—partially toward the street—but it was evidently a woman. She held an umbrella over her, but it gave little protection against the slant, sharp storm, and she found, besides, great difficulty in maintaining it against the rough, sudden gusts of the blast, which, every now and then, wrenched and twisted it in her grasp, till she was fain to clutch it with both hands, and to set herself more firmly against the iron post.

Was she young? Was she beautiful? I could

not tell, though her figure seemed lithe and slender, and her hands—which were bare, and glanced whitely at moments in the gas-light—were delicate and shapely. One thing appeared certain. She was waiting for some one. What a night, thought I, and what a spot, for a delicate woman to choose for a rendezvous! Surely it must be a stern necessity that brings her here at such an hour in such a storm!

And instantly, as was my wont, my brain took hold of the mystery, and mounted it, as the Arabian Prince did the winged steed, and went soaring away into the fantastic regions of imagination to discover the solution of the riddle.

But my fanciful flight, the chimera of which it is useless to record here, was suddenly cut short, and my Pegasus brought back to earth, by the dull rattle of wheels over the sodden causeway, and in another moment a carriage drove up to the curb, a few feet from the lamp.

Out of this vehicle leapt another figure—that of a man—and hastily seizing the umbrella of the woman, who had quickly advanced to his side, he closed it, and handed her rapidly into the carriage. Then springing in after her, the door was shut with a bang, and the vehicle rattled dully away.

During the brief space wherein the male figure had rested within the circle of light—scarcely a dozen pulse-beats—I had been able to observe but this: that he was tall, slender, and wore a short military cloak, or rather, cape; and that he had on the little finger of his right hand a ring, with a green jewel—to all appearance an emerald—set within it.

Of his face I saw nothing save a dark beard and mustache, trimmed in the martial style, for he wore a broad-rimmed felt hat, and the rim was turned downward in such a manner as to cast a deep shadow over his more characteristic features.

For the next three hours I was once more careering on my hippogriff through the realms of romance, till, wearied by the phantasmal voyage, I retired to rest, the last impression on my mind being, that I had witnessed the clandestine flight of a pair of lovers, to whom obdurate parents, or stern guardians, or inexorable law, forbade the blissful bonds.

## CHAPTER III.

HOW LONG I had been asleep I did not know, when a violent ringing at the bell awoke me. I sat up, and waited, to ascertain if any of the more distant lodgers would hear and heed.

Klang, ki-lang, ki-lang, lang, lang, ki-lang, ling, ling!

No one stirred.

Ki-lang, ki-lang, lang-lang-ling—snap!

The bell-wire being now evidently broken, I started up, and flinging on the indispensable garments, went out and opened the door.

"You sleep soundly here. I thought you must be all dead, or drunk!" said a voice, in a tone of mixed agitation and anger.

"What the devil do you want at such a time of—?" I suddenly stopped, for, at that instant, the man—it was a man—stepped quickly back from the dark shadow of the doorway into the circle of light radiating from the still flaming gas-lamp—and I recognized the figure in the military cape, with the dark beard, and the green jewel on his finger. I also now perceived a carriage drawn up by the curb, just outside the circle of light.

"Come and help me," said the man, rapidly, catching me by the arm; "a lady fainted away—in the carriage. I saw your sign"—(I have neglected to state, by the way, that there was a tin-plate on my window, announcing the unimportant fact of my being "Doctor John C. Jankers;" probably because no one else had ever seemed to think it worth noticing before)—"and lucky I did! Come, we'll carry her into your office—only a swoon, I hope."

By this time we were at the carriage-door, and the stranger had, with my assistance, lifted out his unconscious occupant, at the same time making a sign to the driver, who remained silently on his seat, muffled up to the eyes in a huge india-rubber overcoat, for it was still raining furiously.

We bore the patient (almost my first patient) into my sitting-room, and laid her upon a lounge. I then hastily lit the gas, and looked at her.

Her face, which was deadly pale, I had, of course, no recollection of having ever seen; but from her shape, her dress, and especially from her slender, white hands, I knew her to be the woman who had waited under the iron lamp-post, in the storm, that evening. Besides, she was in company with the same man who came for her then, and they had returned in the same carriage. So the identification was simple.

I gently took her left hand, and put my finger on her pulse.

"Well!" said the man, anxiously, "how long before she will recover her senses, doctor?"

"If," I replied, "I only had some ammonia, or a little—ah! I will go up and wake Mrs. Jones, the landlady; she probably—"

"No, don't!" interrupted the stranger.

"There's no need of rousing any one. Just write a prescription, and I'll get it from the druggist in the next block but one. I noticed a night-light in his shop as we passed just now. I shall not be gone ten minutes."

"As for that," said I, "the lady will probably come to herself in a quarter of an hour or so, though a little am—"

"Exactly," exclaimed the man, quickly, "so give me the prescription, and let me get it at once."

I hastily scrawled a prescription, and he as hastily seized it, and vanished. In an instant I heard the carriage drive rapidly off.

During all this time—it was not over five or six minutes—the stranger had not taken off his heavily slouched hat, nor unclosed his cloak, so that my glimpses of his features still remained

vague and unsatisfactory, the dark and luxuriant beard and mustache being alone prominent in my mental photograph of his countenance.

While I waited his return I took the opportunity of looking more particularly at my patient, (I like to call her my patient—pray pardon this little vanity). To do this more easily, I raised her head and took off her bonnet, or rather hat, that article of her attire being one of those semi-masculine things so much in vogue of late years, and flung back her mantle from her shoulders.

She was a charming blonde, with bright, golden, almost flaxen hair, cut short, and curling closely all round her head, and did not look over sixteen or seventeen. Her figure was delicate, but rounded and her dress, though very plain, evidently of fine material, and fashionably cut and fitted.

I began gently tapping her hands and applying cool water to her temples, till the more powerful stimulants should arrive.

Ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty minutes passed, and still the dark-bearded stranger did not return.

At length her pulse gave a few spasmodic bounds, and fell to beating with gradually augmented force, a faint color rose like the blush of dawn in her cheeks, she sighed heavily several times, opened her eyes, closed them, opened them again, and, looking wildly upon me—

"Has he gone?" she asked, in a faint voice.

"Yes, but only for a prescription," I replied, soothingly; "he will be back in a few moments."

"Who—who do you mean? Who are you? Where am I?"

She raised herself on her arm, and asked these questions rapidly, but as one awakening from a dream.

"I mean your—your friend—the gentleman who brought you here in a carriage—to my office. You had fainted; I am a physician. You are all right now, and he will soon return. Drink this glass of cold water, with just a touch of brandy in it, and you will soon feel strong again."

She sat up, took the glass, sipped a mouthful, then, looking at me again:

"He has gone, you say, for a prescription—in the carriage?"

"Yes, in the carriage; not long ago; he had to wake the apothecary, you know—"

"He will never come back," said she, slowly, and with an apparently calm assurance.

"Eh? You don't mean—good God!—you don't mean that he has gone off and left you here, in my office, at this time of night, or rather morning, for it's after four o'clock; and—and—is he—your husband?"

She shivered at the word; but answered, quietly:

"He is my brother."

I was more mystified than ever. Why, in the name of heaven, should a young woman's brother elope with her from a lamp-post at nine in the evening, in a heavy storm, then bring her back in a swoon, and desert her in a medical man's office at four o'clock in the morning?

Under these extraordinary circumstances, I decided to wake Mrs. Jones, and place this forlorn damsel and her mystery under that excellent lady's protection and scrutiny. And the young person eagerly seconding my suggestion to that effect, we immediately sought my landlady's chamber, and after a short dialogue through the key-hole, Mrs. Jones opened the door partially, and admitted my patient. Upon which I returned to my apartment and once more retired to bed, but not to sleep. My hippogriff was more rampant than ever, and during the three hours that elapsed before the "get-up bell" rang, I rode a race against Fancy, that beat Sirrah Puck's celebrated time all hollow.

## CHAPTER IV.

AT breakfast, Mrs. Jones (a widow, by-the-way, with one child, a daughter, of about the same age, I should think, as that of my patient), was unusually depressed and silent.

The forlorn damsel had departed. Mrs. J. had been forced to let her go, alone and on foot, at her own insistent request (she told me this in confidence, after breakfast; for at the table, when I was about to refer to the mysterious affair, she made an imperative sign to be silent), as soon as it was fairly day.

"And what did she say? How did she explain the—the mystery?" I asked, anxiously.

"She said nothing, explained nothing," replied Mrs. Jones, sorrowfully, "except that you would hear from her. She did nothing but weep, poor child."

"I should hear from her, eh? I suppose she meant that she would send me a fee for my services! I do not desire any fee. D—n the fee! Pardon me, Mrs. Jones, but I feel exceedingly anxious to know—I suspect a dark drama lies beyond the circle of light in which I first saw that girl last evening; I fear—"

Here we were interrupted by the servant, who handed me a letter.

"It is from her—from my patient!" I exclaimed, tearing it open.

"May I hear it?" asked Mrs. Jones.

"Of course."

I closed and locked the door (we were in my office) and unfolded the letter. A bank-bill fell out of it. I did not even stoop to pick it up. But Mrs. Jones did.

"It is a fifty dollar bill," said she, laying it upon the table.

I read the letter aloud without noticing her exclamation, or its cause. It, the letter, was as follows:

"Sir—I thank you gratefully for your kind offices. As we shall never meet again—we three—neither you, nor he, nor I, in this world—and lest you might otherwise be tempted to make inquiries or investigations which could lead to nothing but further suffering and shame, I resolve to confide to your honor the truth of the terrible circumstances which culminated at your office last evening. When you have read this, you will wonder that I could have written it so calmly. I wonder at it myself. But there is a kind of coldness about

my heart and brain that I cannot account for. I feel as though I were writing and thinking in my sleep. But no matter; I tell you a terrible tale, briefly, and rely upon your honor to keep it locked forever in your breast."

I looked at Mrs. Jones; she returned my look with a half-melancholy smile. I read on:

"I am eighteen years of age; my family was once wealthy and influential; I am not a native or resident of this city."

"When this civil war began, I was betrothed to a young man whom I ardently loved, and by whom I was as deeply beloved in return. My family were not specially opposed to the match, with one exception—my only brother, a man of bitter partisan feelings and sanguinary temper. My lover and he were political enemies. When the war broke out, they became foes in the field. My brother bade me renounce and forget my lover. I refused indignantly; my heart was with him, and through him, with the cause he served." [Which cause this was, I shall not, for many reasons reveal to my readers, and I have, therefore, somewhat modified the letter of my patient in this particular.—C. D. G.] "My brother swore to punish me. I laughed. He brought one of his fellow-soldiers to court me; I scorned him."

"My brother was fearfully incensed, and threatened horrible vengeance upon me as a traitress and the shame of my family. (My father has long been dead, and my mother was a hopeless invalid, so that I was to a great degree at my brother's mercy). But after persecuting me in many ways, whenever he had the chance, for more than a year, he suddenly altered his demeanor. He wrote to me kindly and contritely. He begged me to forgive and forget his violence. He even promised to 'have an eye' upon my lover's career as far as he could ascertain it, and from time to time he gave me news of his whereabouts, his promotion, his recovery from a slight wound, as heard through deserters or prisoners."

"At length he came home on furlough, wounded himself. His manner was very kind, kinder than his gloomy nature warranted; but there was a look in his eye that I could not understand."

"You shall yet have your Herbert back again," said he; "I owe you this atonement. I will find means to bring him to you, if only to renew your mutual troth. I have found a way to communicate with him when I return to the front."

"But, Edward," asked I, hesitatingly, "what has caused—why have you changed your—your mind so?"

"He was silent a moment; then his brow grew dark, and—"

"The man I chose for you has proved a villain!" said he, quickly. "Let us speak no more of it. I have changed—is not that enough?" and he laughed.

"He returned to the army, and continued to write me hopefully. A month ago my mother was ordered to this city to seek celebrated professional advice. Of course I accompanied her. The two opposing armies, in one of which my brother and in the other my betrothed served, were gradually nearing each other, as you know, not more than a hundred miles from here. A week since, I received a hurried letter from my brother, saying: 'I have seen him; we have arranged a plan. In three days at furthest, you shall hear from me again—if I live. We go into battle at dawn.'"

"Yesterday, a second letter was handed me. This was from my brother also, and was as follows:—

"To-night you shall see your beloved Herbert. To procure you this bliss, I make myself almost a deserter, for I leave the front secretly—almost a traitor, for I bring with me in secret an enemy. But this is nothing. As I come *incog.*, I dare not venture to call at the house. You must meet me in the street. The corner of — and — streets is, I recollect, a quiet one after nightfall, and not very far from your abode. Meet me there, at nine o'clock! I will come in a carriage, at every hazard. Be punctual, and silent as death!—as death, mind!"

"The word death was repeated, and underscored, as I copy it. I was on the appointed spot in advance of the hour, and in spite of the storm. My heart beat so fiercely, I was so agitated, that I scarce knew it stormed. At length a carriage appeared, my brother sprang out, handed me in, and we drove rapidly off. There was no one in the vehicle save ourselves. I trembled."

"Where—where is Herbert?" I faltered.

"I could not bring him into the city," said my brother. "He waits for us in a suburb."

"My brother continued to speak from time to time, as we rode on; but I hardly understood, or even heeded him. Now, however, I remember the horrible—but no matter."

"We continued to ride on for more than an hour. We left the city, passed beyond the pavement, out into the dreary, dark, sodden country."

"How much further, Edward?" I whispered.

"In ten minutes we shall be there," replied he.

"I thought his voice sounded hoarse, and that it trembled. At last the carriage stopped. My brother handed me out. As my foot sank into the wet soil, I looked about me, and saw that we were at the gate of what seemed a village churchyard. There was a large black mass that appeared to be the church, some distance to the right, and a smaller one, somewhat nearer the gate, on the left."

"Oh, Edward! where are we?" I murmured, recoiling.

"Come on; will you keep Herbert waiting in this dismal place?" said he, hoarsely, drawing my arm through his, and moving quickly to the gate.

"We entered the churchyard, and passed between the graves toward the small building on the left. When we reached it, my brother took a small lantern from his pocket, lit it, and flung its circle of light on the front of the building. I then saw that it was a sort of rude hut of unpainted boards, doubtless used to contain the tools and implements of the sexton. The door had evi-



dently been left unfastened, for my brother pushed it open, and throwing the light of his lantern on the ground, bade me enter. I did so, and walking a few feet forward, with my hands stretched out, halted till he should raise the light, at the same time crying, in a low voice, 'Herbert! dearest Herbert! Where are you?'

"At that moment my brother exclaimed: 'Behold your dearest Herbert!' and suddenly flashing the lantern upward and forward, my eager gaze, following the bright circle of light, encountered the pallid face and blood-stained form of my beloved, rigid and ghastly in death!"

"One single instant I saw this, as though it had gleamed out of the darkness in a lightning-flash, and then a rushing, roaring sound was in my ears, my heart gave a convulsive leap—and I knew no more!"

"Three times I regained my consciousness, but to lose it the moment after, during my transport from that awful scene. When I finally recovered my senses, I lay upon the lounge in your office, and when you told me the pretext of my brother's departure, I knew he would not return. He had fulfilled his dark threat; he had sated his fraternal vengeance; and he had gone as he came!"

"And though he thinks it not, in this world we shall never meet again."

"This, sir, is the terrible truth, in all its naked hideousness. Farewell!"

There was no name signed to this strange and fearful epistle. I looked at Mrs. Jones. She was very pale, and two rivulets of tears were slowly coursing down her cheeks. She dashed them fiercely off:

"What a fiend!" cried she. "Oh, what a demon! Poor, poor child!"

I looked at the bank-bill. There was not a word of it in the letter.

"It is meant as a bribe," I muttered. And quick as thought I seized it and cast it in the fire. It was an act of folly; but the impulse was instantaneous and irresistible.

Mrs. Jones shook her head sadly.

"Oh, men, men, men!" exclaimed she, bitterly. And so left the room.

#### CHAPTER V.

I HAVE NEVER seen, nor heard of my patient, since that day.

But more than a year subsequently, in a military hospital, the surgeon-in-chief of which was a friend of mine, an "interesting case" was shown me. It was that of an officer who had received a wound (the nature of which it is not necessary to detail here), causing intense suffering, and a sure but lingering death.

He lay on his side, moaning terribly. His face was nearly hidden by his left arm, but I saw that he had a dark, luxuriant beard and mustache, and on the little finger of his left hand glittered a ring with a green jewel—evidently an emerald—set within it. He had been shot, I was told, while acting as a scout, or, more correctly, as a spy, three weeks previously.

That night he died.

I have sat by my window many a night since that one above recorded, and the yellow eye of the gas-lamp has glared at me, through storm and calm, over and over again. But never from its circle of light—no, nor even from the careerings of my ideal hippogriff—has there come to me such a wonderful legend of life as the story of that sister's love and that brother's hatred!

And I earnestly pray there never may! Amen!

### Indian Adventure in Ohio.

IN the year 1792, on the banks of the Hocking, a few miles above its junction with the Ohio, stood a small stockade, then one of the frontier posts of the North-west. Its inmates had been annoyed by repeated attacks of Indians; but, protected by their works, and actuated by the hardy courage of their class, they had uniformly repulsed their assailants, and frequently with considerable loss.

Sometime in the month of October, intelligence reached the little garrison that the savages were preparing an expedition against the settlements in great force. A council was immediately held, and scouts were sent out with instructions to ascertain, if possible, the number of the enemy, and the probable point of attack. Two of these, named McClelland and White, ascended the river as far as the picturesque promontory now known as Mount Pleasant; the summit of which commanded an extensive view of the surrounding country.

Here the two scouts took their station, and were not long in discovering the objects of their search. The smoke of an encampment rising through the trees betrayed the presence of their foes, at a distance much better adapted to scrutiny than to securing the safety of the watchers. Each day brought fresh accessions to the warriors; and every new arrival was greeted with prolonged and exultant yells. Such sounds were well calculated to appal those to whom they were unfamiliar; but to our gallant scouts they served, like martial music, to string the nerves and stir the spirits. From early youth they had lived on the frontier. It was not likely, therefore, that they would either be circumvented by their foes, or, without a desperate struggle, fall victims to the scalping-knife.

On several occasions small parties left the encampment and ascended the hill, at which times the scouts would hide in a cleft of the rocks, or creep among the branches of some fallen tree, till the danger was past. For food they depended on the supply in their knapsacks; for they dared not kindle a fire, and the report of one of their rifles would have precipitated upon them the entire band of savages. It had recently rained, and a pool of water among the rocks served them for their drink. In a few days,

however, this disappeared; and the alternative was presented of finding a new supply or abandoning their undertaking.

McClelland volunteered to make the attempt. Carrying his trusty rifle in his hand, and with two canteens strung across his shoulders, he cautiously descended to the verge of the prairie, and keeping within the thickets of hazel which skirted the hills, directed his course to the river, on the bank of which he had the good fortune to find a gushing spring, from whose waters he filled his canteens and returned in safety.

The success of this enterprise determined the two friends to have a fresh supply of water daily, and the task of procuring it was to be performed alternately. The next day, when White had filled his canteens, he sat a few moments watching the limpid element as it gurgled from the earth. While thus employed, a sound of light footsteps caught his ear; and, turning, he saw a couple of squaws (Indian women) within a few feet of him, the elder of whom immediately uttered one of those far-reaching whoops peculiar to her race.

White at once comprehended the peril of his situation. If the alarm should reach the camp, both he and his companion must inevitably perish. Self-preservation prompted the infliction of a noiseless death upon the two squaws—a proceeding to which, in all probability, he felt but little repugnance from any scruples of border gallantry. The purpose was no sooner formed than acted upon. He sprang on his victims with the strength and activity of a panther, and tightly grasping their throats, leaped with them into the river. Without difficulty he succeeded in thrusting the head of the elder beneath the water, where she speedily became insensible; but the younger made a stouter resistance, and during the struggle, to his great surprise, addressed him in his own language, though in words scarcely articulate. He quickly released his hold, when she informed him that, ten years before, she had been made a prisoner by the Indians, who had brutally murdered her mother and two sisters before her eyes.

During the narrative White let go his grasp upon the squaw, whose body floated where it was not likely soon to be discovered; and then hastily directing the girl to follow him, with wonted speed and energy he pushed for the hill. They had scarcely gone two hundred yards, when shouts of alarm were heard about a quarter of a mile below. Some warriors, on their way to the camp, had probably reached the river, as the body of the drowned squaw floated past. White and the girl succeeded in reaching the hill, where McClelland had remained no indifferent spectator of the commotion so suddenly excited. The Indians had immediately struck off in every direction, and a number of them, before the fugitives could reach the summit, had commenced to ascend the acclivity—picking their way with caution, and keeping constantly under cover. From time to time glimpses were caught of their swarthy faces, as they glided from tree to tree and rock to rock, till at length it became evident that the base of the hill was surrounded, and every hope of escape cut off.

Nothing was left the two pioneers but to sell their lives as dearly as possible. This they resolved to do, advising the girl to lose no time in making her way back to the Indians, whom she would have no difficulty in convincing that she had just escaped from capture.

"No!" she exclaimed; "death with my own people is a thousand times preferable to a longer life of captivity!"

Further remonstrance was useless, and the scouts addressed themselves to preparations for a vigorous resistance. The only perceptible access to the hill was by a narrow causeway or "back-bone," along which the savages were compelled to advance in single file, though, for the most part, under shelter of rocks and trees. But in passing from cover to cover, each warrior was obliged to incur a moment's exposure, and two inches of his dusky form was a target sufficient for the unerring rifles of the scouts.

For several hours the outnumbering foe was held in check; but a new and hitherto undiscovered danger menaced the hardy woodmen. Their crafty enemies were preparing to assail them in flank—a movement which might be successfully accomplished by means of a detached portion of rock which lay adjacent to one of the sides of the promontory. The brave scouts fully realized their desperate situation; but so far from being unnerved by its hopelessness, they felt their courage emboldened by the thought that the certainty of death was not greater than the certainty of vengeance.

Soon McClelland saw a dusky figure preparing to spring from a cover so near the fatal rock that a single bound must reach it. Everything depended on the accuracy of a single shot, and, though less than half a hand's-breadth of the warrior's body was exposed, and that at a distance of one hundred yards, the undaunted scout saw it was his only chance, and resolved to take it. Coolly raising his rifle, and aiming with the carefulness of a man who knew that his own no less than his adversary's life hung on the result, he drew the trigger. The hammer fell; but instead of striking fire, the flint, through some inherent defect, was crushed to fragments!

Though convinced that the savage must gain the rock before he could adjust another flint, he set about the task with composure, resolved that his enemy should derive no advantage from his remissness. Glancing from his work to the place of the warrior's concealment, he saw the stalwart savage, with every muscle nerved, prepared to take the leap. With the agility of a deer he gave a bound; but instead of reaching the rock, his progress was midway arrested as though by some mysterious convulsion of his limbs and body, and he fell, rolling down the rocky slope a distance of fifty feet. He had evidently received a death-shot from some unknown hand; and a terrible

shout from below announced the loss of a favorite warrior.

A few moments sufficed to prove that the advantage so unexpectedly gained would be of short duration, for already another Indian was seen approaching the cover recently occupied by his comrade. Again the attack in front was resumed with increased fury, so as to engage the constant attention of both the scouts. With this diversion in his favor, the second warrior prepared to take the leap essayed by his predecessor. With the spring of a tiger, the fierce and wary savage darted toward the coveted rock; but the same unseen hand had intercepted his career; and turning a complete somersault in the air, his body rolled down the declivity to join that of his companion.

This last mysterious sacrifice struck dismay to the hearts of the assailants, who, it being now sunset, withdrew to devise new modes of attack—a respite which came seasonably to the scouts, wearied, as they were, by the protracted and unequal conflict.

It was now that the absence of the girl was first discovered; and the pioneers supposed she had either fled through terror to her former captors, or had been killed in the fight. But they were not long left in suspense; for in a few moments the object of their conjectures was seen emerging from the cover of a rock, carrying a rifle in her hand. In the heat of the contest, she had seen a warrior fall some fifty yards in advance of the main body; and crouching in the undergrowth, she had crept to the spot unobserved, and secured his rifle and ammunition. Her practiced eye had not failed to notice the danger in which they were exposed by the proximity of the rock; and hers was the mysterious hand by which the two warriors had fallen. The second was the fiercest and most bloodthirsty of the Shawnees, and it was he who had, ten years previously, murdered and scalped her mother and sisters.

The night was dark and cloudy, a circumstance which enabled the scouts, under the skillful guidance of the intrepid girl, to elude their enemies and withdraw from their perilous situation.

After a toilsome march of three days, the party reached the stockade in safety. Their escape deterred the Indians from their contemplated attack, the surprise they had planned being thereby rendered impracticable.

#### MR. RUSKIN ON WAR, WOMEN, AND BIBLES.

—The following passage is from Mr. Ruskin's lecture on "War," just published in the "Crown of Wild Olive." The lecture was addressed to the Royal Military College, Woolwich; but the quoted passage was specially addressed to the ladies: "You may wonder, perhaps, that I have spoken all this night in praise of war. Yet truly, if it might be, I for one would join in the cadence of hammer-strokes that should beat swords into plowshares; and that this cannot be is not the fault of us men. It is your fault. Wholly yours. Only by your command, or by your permission, can any contest take place among us. And the real, final reason for all the poverty, misery, and rage of battle throughout Europe is simply that you women, however good, however religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your own immediate circles. You fancy that you are sorry for the pain of others. Now, I just tell you this: that if the usual course of war, instead of unroofing peasants' houses and ravaging peasants' fields, merely broke the china upon your own drawing-room tables, no war in civilized countries would last a week. I tell you more, that, at whatever moment you chose to put a period to war, you could do it with less trouble than you take any day to go out to dinner. You know, or at least you might know if you would think, that every battle you hear of has made many orphans and widows. We have none of us heart enough truly to mourn with these; but, at least, we might put on the outer symbols of mourning with them. Let but every Christian lady who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn, at least inwardly, for his killed creatures. Your praying is useless, and your church-going mere mockery of God, if you have not plain obedience in you enough of this. Let every lady in the upper classes of civilized Europe simply vow that, while any black war proceeds, she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewels, no ornaments, no excuse for an evasion into pretences; I tell you again, no war would last a week. And lastly, you women of England are all now shrieking with one voice—you and your clergymen together—because you hear of your Bibles being attacked. If you choose to obey your Bibles, you will never care who attacks them. It is just because you never fulfill a single downright precept of the book that you are so careful for its credit; and just because you don't care to obey its whole words that you are so particular about the letters of them. The Bible tells you to dress plainly—and you are mad for finery; the Bible tells you to have pity on the poor—and you crush them under your carriage-wheels; the Bible tells you to do judgment and justice—and you do not know, nor care to know, so much as what the Bible word 'justice' means. Do but learn so much of God's truth as that comes to; know what He means when He tells you to be just, and teach your sons that their bravery is but a fool's boast, and their deeds but a firebrand's tossing, unless they are indeed just men, and perfect in the fear of God; and you will soon have no more war, unless it is indeed such as is willed by Him of whom, though Prince of Peace, it is also written, 'In righteousness He doth judge, and make war.'"

LENGTH OF GEOLOGICAL PERIODS.—All the facts of geology tend to indicate an antiquity of which we are beginning to form but a dim idea. Take, for instance, one single formation—the well-known chalk of England. This consists entirely of shells and fragments of shells deposited at the bottom of an ancient sea, far away from any continent. Such a process as this must be very slow; probably we should be much above the mark if we were to assume a rate of deposition of ten inches in a century. Now, the chalk is more than one thousand feet in thickness, and would have required, therefore, more than 120,000 years for its formation. The fossiliferous beds of Great Britain, as a whole, are more than seven thousand feet in thickness, and many which these measure only a few inches, on the Continent expand into strata of immense depth; while others, of great importance elsewhere, are wholly wanting, for it is evident that, during all the different periods in which England has been dry land, strata have been forming (as is, for example, the case now elsewhere) and not in England. Moreover, we must remember, that many of the strata now existing have been formed at the expense of older ones; thus all the flint gravels in the south-east of England have been produced by the destruction of chalk. This, again, is a very slow process. It has been estimated that a cliff five hundred feet high will be worn away at the rate of an inch in a century. This may seem a low rate, but we must bear in mind that along any line of coast there are, comparatively, few points which are suffering at one time, and that, even on these, when a fall of cliff has taken place, the fragments serve as a protection to the coast until they have been gradually removed by the waves. The Wealden Valley is twenty-two miles in breadth, and on these data it has been calculated that the denudation of the Weald must have required more than 150,000,000 of years.

### SUPERNATURAL PREMONITION.

BY AN ENGINEER.

I WAS running a night-express train, and had a train of ten carriages, and all were well loaded. I was behind time, and was very anxious to make a certain point, and therefore I was using every exertion and putting the engine to the utmost speed to which she was capable. I was on a section of the road usually considered the best running ground on the line, and was endeavoring to make the most of it, when a conviction struck me that I must stop. A something seemed to tell me that to go ahead was dangerous, and that I must stop if I would save life.

I looked back at my train, and it was all right; I strained my eyes and peered into the darkness and could see no signal of danger, and there I could see five miles in the daytime. I listened to the workings of my engine, tried the water, looked at the gauge, and all was right. So, as you may suppose, I tried to laugh myself out of what I then considered a childish fear; but, like Banquo's ghost, it would not down at my bidding, but grew stronger in its hold upon me. I thought of the ridicule I would have heaped upon me if I did stop; but it was all of no avail. The conviction—for by this time it had ripened into a conviction—that I must stop grew stronger; and I shut off, and blew the whistle for breaks, accordingly.

I came to a dead halt, got off, and went ahead a little distance. I had my lamp in my hand, and had gone about sixty feet, when I saw what convinced me premonitions are sometimes possible. I dropped the lantern from my nerveless grasp, and sat down on the track, utterly unable to stand; for there was a switch, the thought of which had never entered my mind, as it had never been used since I had been on the road, and was known to be spiked, but which now was open to lead me off the track!

This switch led into a stone quarry, from whence stone for bridge purposes had been quarried, and the switch was left there in case stone should be needed at any time; but it was always locked, and the switch-rail spiked. Yet here it was wide open; and had I not obeyed my premonition—warning—call it what you will—I should have run into it; and at the end of the track, only ten rods long, my heavy engine and train, moving at the rate of forty-five miles per hour, would have come into collision with a solid wall of rock eighteen feet high. The consequences, had I done so, can neither be imagined nor described; but they could, by no possibility, be otherwise than fatal.

This is my experience in getting warnings from a source that I know not and cannot divine. It is a mystery to me—a mystery for which I am very thankful, however, although I dare not attempt to explain it, nor say whence it came.

### FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE grayhound runs by eyesight only, and this we observe as a fact. The carrier-pigeon flies his two hundred and fifty miles homeward by eyesight—namely, from point to point of objects which he has marked; but this is only our conjecture. The fierce dragon-fly, with twelve thousand lenses in his eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air but with a dash reversing the action of his four wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or he would dash himself to pieces. But in what conformation of the eye does this consist? No one can answer.

A cloud of ten thousand gnats dance up and down in the sun, the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong upon the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as these are. Suddenly, amidst your admiration of this matchless dance, a peculiarly high-shouldered, vicious gnat, with long, pendent nose, darts out of the rising and falling cloud, and settling on your cheek, inserts a poisonous sting. What possessed the little wretch to do this? Did he smell your blood in the many dance? No one knows.

A carriage comes suddenly upon a flock of geese, on a narrow road, and drives straight through the middle of them. A goose was never yet fairly run over, nor a duck. They are under the very wheels and hoofs, and yet somehow they contrive to flap and waddle safely off. Habitually stupid, heavy and indolent, they are, nevertheless, equal to any emergency.

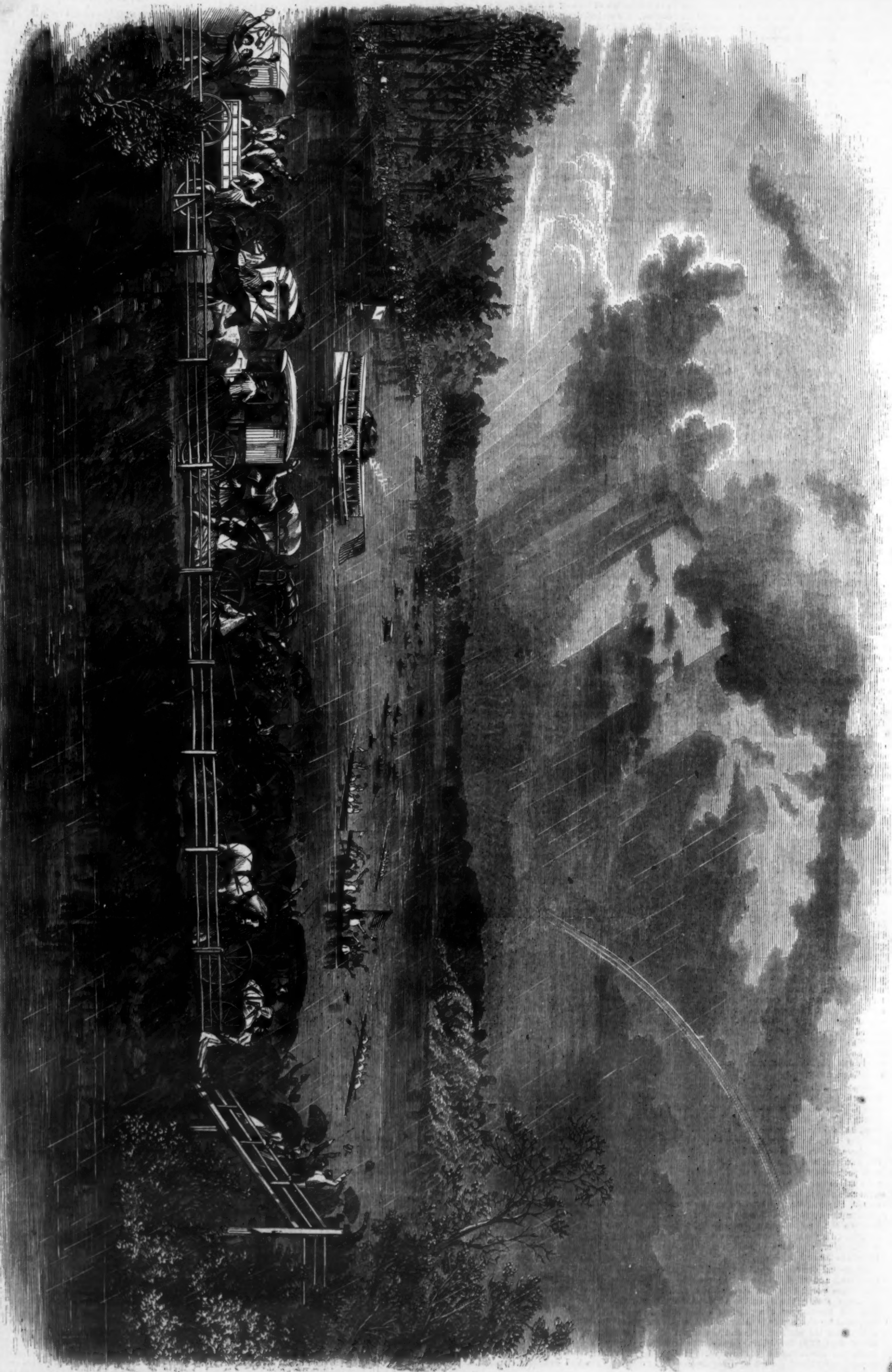
Why does the lonely woodpecker, when he descends his tree and goes to drink, stop several times on his way, listen and look round, before he takes his draught? No one knows. How is it that the species of ant, which is taken in battle by other ants to be made slaves, should be the black, or negro ant? No one knows.

The power of judging of a actual danger, and the free and easy boldness which results from it, are by no means uncommon. Many birds seem to have a most correct notion of a gun's range, and while scrupulously careful to keep beyond it, confine their care to this caution, though the most obvious resource would be to fly right away out of sight and hearing, which they do not choose to do. And they sometimes appear to make even an ostentatious use of their power, fairly putting their wit and cleverness in antagonism to that of man, for the benefit of their fellows. We lately read an account, by a naturalist of Brazil, of an expedition he made to one of the islands of the Amazon to shoot spoonbills, ibises, and other of the magnificent gallinular birds, which were most abundant there. His design was completely baffled, however, by a wretched little sand-piper that preceded him, continually uttering his tell-tale cry, which at once aroused all the birds within hearing. Throughout the day did this individual bird continue his self-imposed duty of sentinel to others, effectually preventing the approach of the fowler to the game, and yet managing to keep out of the range of his gun.

BLACK RAIN.—The black rain showers, which are now so well known in Scotland, and about which the inhabitants of a part of Aberdeenshire are in the way of speaking with no greater astonishment, when one of them falls from a peculiarly-colored dark cloud, blackening materials exposed to it, than they speak of a white shower from a snowy cloud, have been at least recognized in England. Between the beginning of January, 1862, and the middle of January, 1866, there have been no fewer than eight authenticated black showers in Scotland. Seven of these fell in Slains and the extensive surrounding district. Two of them were accompanied with pumice stones, some of the balls of which measured eight to ten inches in diameter, and weighed upward of a pound avoirdupois. The first four, including the Carlisle shower, and the eighth, were contemporaneous with outbursts of Vesuvius, and the intermediate three with those of Etna. But now, through the instrumentality of the Rev. Mr. Rust, of Slains, who was the first to draw general attention to the Scottish showers, it has been discovered that England also has her share likewise of black showers. On the 3d of May of the present year (1866), at 11 A.M., and again at 4 P.M., the town of Birmingham and surrounding country were, for three-quarters of an hour each time, enveloped with black clouds, producing darkness and rain. Accidents took place in the streets, vehicles were upset, and gas had to be lighted at some of the crossings, and nearly in all places of business. Mr. Rust, writing for information, got inquiries instituted, and the result is found to be that a large quantity of black rain-water in tanks, and clothes on greens, not only in Birmingham itself, but at rural places many miles distant, unaffected by soot and smoke, and even windward of that town. So far as known, however, no word as yet arrived of any volcanic outburst, although, judging from what has taken place in Scotland, a probability exists that some volcano has been in a state of activity, emitting its contents, whether it be heard of or not.



THE CITIZENS AND COLLEGE REGATTA, ON LAKE QUINSIGAMOND, WORCESTER, MASS., FRIDAY, JULY 27TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. H. SCHILL.—SEE PAGE 355.







PICTURES OF THE SOUTH-MARKET SCENE AT NORFOLK, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 357.



## THE GLOVE.

SINCE you have asked, I needs must tell the history  
Of how I gained you pearly little glove:  
Alas! it is the key to no soft mystery—  
Nor gage of tourney in the lists of love.

'Twas thus I found it: Through the city's bustle  
I wandered one still Autumn eve, alone;  
A tall, slight form brushed by me with silken  
rustle,  
And passed into a carriage, and was gone.

One glance I had; in that I caught the gleaming  
Of violet eyes, o'er which the rippling tress  
Glanced gold—a face like those we see in dreaming,  
As perfect in its shadowy loveliness.

And so she passed, a glorious light about her,  
Clothed, like a summer dawn, in silver gray,  
And left the crowded street as dark without her  
As winter skies whose moon has passed away.

This little gauntlet, which her hand was clasping,  
Fell from her as she reached the carriage-door,  
And floated down, as flutters from the aspen  
Some trembling leaflet whose brief day is o'er.

And I—I found it on the pavement lying,  
Pale as the marble Venus-missing hand,  
Or some small flake of foam which Ocean, flying,  
Leaves in a furrow of the moistened sand.

She was so like some queen of the ideal—  
With that bright brow, those soft eyes' shadowy  
gleam—  
I fain would keep this pledge to prove her real,  
To mark her difference from an airy dream.

And though her glove has unto me been donor  
Of much sweet thought, yet I can think it well  
That she should know as little of its owner  
As I of her from whose fair hand it fell.

Why should I drag her from her high position,  
Hernic above this work-day world's long reach?  
Hardly a fact, not wholly yet a vision,  
She joins for me the better parts of each.

## Madeline's Marriage; OR, THE STEPDAUGHTER.

## CHAPTER IV.—OFFENSIVE AND DEFENSIVE.

A FORTNIGHT passed away. Every morning Madeline gathered fresh flowers for her benefactor, whom she had not yet seen since his arrival, for as day after day passed without indications to Dr. Donivon that he should be speedily relieved of his wife's daughter's support, he had obliged her to take the place of the servant, in setting tables and washing dishes, really that he might have his petty revenge, ostensibly, as he said to his wife, because it was against his principles to have any drones in his house. And being so employed, Madeline was never in the parlor of an afternoon when Mr. St. Hellens, with his features composed to their naturally polite expression, his little clawlike hands concealed by the cambric frills on his wristbands, his scrupulous linen fastened by studs of single, brilliant diamonds, looking, as the ladies remarked, "rather delicate, but by no means old, and very gentlemanly," and attended by Simon as by a shadow, joined the convalescent circle.

Several times he had asked after the little girl, and wondered if she had forgotten him. Mrs. Donivon told Madeline of this, and of how indignant he had been when she had endeavored to restore the money which her daughter had accepted from him.

"It was for Isa's sake. I wish I might do more for her," he mused, "so that perhaps some one else might be kind to Isa in turn."

"You have lost a daughter, sir?" inquired Mrs. Donivon, with sympathy.

Mr. St. Hellens sighed.

"My life has been a long retribution, madam," he answered, indefinitely.

Simon, standing behind the chair, moved uneasily, and caught his master's eye.

Mrs. Donivon's quick perceptions recognized some mystery in the sort of spell the mulatto exercised. Not discomposed, she said:

"It does not, probably, differ from most lives in that, sir."

There was no response. She added, with a sort of desperation:

"You grieve for a daughter, but is not my fate harder—to have my daughter before my eyes, with my hands so bound that I can do nothing for her happiness?"

Mr. St. Hellens looked up quickly.

"Why does she never come to see me?" he asked. "I liked her happy, pretty face."

The "pretty, happy face" at that very moment looked into the parlor through a crack in the door, thinking her mother alone, as indeed she was but for Mr. St. Hellens and the servant. But catching sight of these, she drew back.

Mr. St. Hellens had recognized her.

"Little girl," he cried, imperatively, "why don't you come and see me?"

Madeline put the tip of her little nose to the door.

"I'm not fit," she said.

Mr. St. Hellens laughed.

"Come in here—let me see you," he said.

She obeyed him, shyly.

"I'm worse Cinderella than ever, sir." On the cars she had called him, playfully, the "fairy Godmother," and herself Cinderella, which had pleased him.

"Well, come here. You've never been to ask how I was since we got here."

"I always ask, sir," she answered, reproachfully.

"Who—who do you ask? Why don't you ask me?"

"I ask Simon. It's so early, I don't dare come in."

"What's so early? What are you talking about?"

"I mean when I bring the flowers. That's all the time I have."

"Flowers! Did you bring me flowers?" He turned inquiringly to Simon.

"Miss Orme has brought you some flowers, sir, but you know you cannot bear the perfume. I thought it would hurt her to refuse them, so I set them in the adjoining room," and the man looked steadily into his master's eyes.

Mr. St. Hellens face flushed angrily. He passed his hand across his forehead, as though he was endeavoring to recollect. The flush was succeeded by a pallor, his eyes dropped. It seemed that his intellect, somehow impaired, made a feeble effort to reassess itself, and failed.

"Yes—yes," he continued, slowly, "but I'm sorry I didn't know it. You must come and bring me—not any more flowers, but come and—let me see—you must come and read to me every day. Won't you?"

"Yes, indeed, sir."

Her face, so ready to cloud and so quick to brighten, flushed at this unexpected encouragement.

That Mr. St. Hellens should have noticed her, gave her, after this, a certain slight importance in the household. The doctor was ready enough to have his profitable patient humored; and Madeline was only too happy to betake herself to a spot where, for an hour at least, she was free from persecutions.

"You read very nicely," said Mr. St. Hellens, interrupting her, one morning. She had been so absorbed in the novel she was reading to him, that she started at his voice, and colored.

"I'm so glad," she answered, innocently.

Mr. St. Hellens was bolstered in a deep cushioned chair that day, and Madeline sat on a footstool beside him. He had listened dreamily to her voice, as though its tone, rather than the matter of the book, interested him.

"Why so?" he inquired.

Oh, I don't know. Hardly any one ever tells me that I do anything right, and when they do happen to, it makes me happy, that's all."

"Happy!" he cried, with some little irritation.

"Why, child, ain't you always happy?"

She looked at him wondering. His petulance frightened her a little.

"Oh, yes, sir," she said, apologetically, "I shall be, when I get away from here, you know."

"True—true," he answered, as if some forgotten fact occurred to him. "You are going away, aren't you, Madeline? Is it soon?"

"Mr. Hylder expects the letter every day, but it hasn't come yet," and her lips quivered.

"You will be very glad to go, will you?"

"Oh, yes, sir, very glad."

"Have you spent all the money yet—the little present?"

"No, indeed. I am saving it."

"What do you save it for?"

"Because it's all I have. And I want to get a new cloak and dress when I go to the seminary; that is if they take me there."

"Nonsense, child; go and spend it. You shall have some more, then."

"I don't want any more, sir." She spoke very resolutely. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes fixed on the covers of her book, which she was crimping nervously with her fingers.

"Tut, tut," said Mr. St. Hellens, impatiently, "you've shut yourself up here with a sick old man every bright day for a fortnight; and don't you think you're going to get something in return?"

"I shall not take anything, Mr. St. Hellens," flashed Madeline, with passion. And then catching the little gentleman's thin, pale hands, she burst into violent tears, sobbing brokenly:

"Don't say you'll pay me. It makes me so unhappy. After you've been so good and spoken so kindly to me—"

"Well—well—well," he said, soothingly, losing his hands to stroke her hair. "Why—why, child, I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I know you didn't"—trying to keep down the sobs—"but I don't want you to feel as if I was a servant."

"Poor, silly, little child!" he returned, caressing her, as she dropped her head upon his knee.

"Why, Madeline, I feel as if you might be my daughter—might belong to me for a dear little friend. You don't know how I shall miss you if you go away. I've been thinking what I should ask of you for a keepsake, when you go."

"I haven't got anything in the world that would be worth giving you," she said, quite sad and practical.

As she spoke, Simon entered the room. Whatever was the mulatto's hold over his master, whatever his influence or power, his face never betrayed him. Respectful and inflexible, except for a certain jealousy of manner when any one approached or seemed to interest Mr. St. Hellens, an observer must have watched narrowly to discover that although Mr. St. Hellens seemed to depend upon him in everything, an uneasiness invariably crept over him when under the servant's eye, and that he rarely shook off an expression of dejection in his presence.

If Simon was surprised to find Miss Orme and his master both agitated, and at the clinging attitude of the one and the protecting air of the other, no one would have guessed it.

"Miss Orme," he said, "Mr. Hylder told me to say that he would like to see you when you were at liberty."

"Oh, Simon, has he got a letter for me?" she asked eagerly, springing up, radiant with expectation.

"It appeared to be something about a picture, miss, he answered, looking at her warily, without altering the even respect of his tone. "The ap-

paratus has come, and two or three of the ladies are sitting."

"Oh, is that all?" said Madeline, slowly leaving the room.

Simon passed through the main chamber into his own apartment, which communicated with it. Some sudden kind of resolution glittered across his face as he found himself alone.

"There will be mischief done," he whispered, hoarsely, "unless I act promptly. The beads and alms are not enough for him, forsooth! A sick old man, with only a little time remaining for repentance, and he hungers still for the sight of a pretty face. Weak idiot! will he pollute even these late garments of redemption with the stain of passion? What does he want more of earth?" The mulatto's lips parted across his teeth, and an eager, frenzied expression blazed in his eyes.

He worked his fingers nervously, some inarticulate words rattled in his throat, and his whole frame writhed. At the end of a few moments this spasm of emotion passed. He saturated a sponge in an aromatic vinegar and bathed his heated temples, and, his stormy thoughts having subsided as suddenly as they had risen, he returned to his master's room.

Mr. St. Hellens sat where Madeline had left him, propped in his cushioned chair, and gazing with dreamy composure through the open window upon the sun-drenched lawn and the maple branches swaying idly in the summer wind.

"It is a bright day, Simon," he said to his servant.

"Yes, sir, the youth of the year is gay, like the youth of a life," said the man, in a tone of rebuke, and with an expression of familiarity and equality and of culture and education which he seldom betrayed before strangers.

Mr. St. Hellens appeared to muse.

"The winter of life is a dreary time: oh, Simon?" he said, when he seemed to have reached the end of his train of thought.

"That is according to nature, sir," Simon answered, looking sharply into his face.

Mr. St. Hellens sighed.

"Some little bright thing or other ought not be amiss at any time of life, Simon," he said, pleadingly.

The man did not wait for his master to express himself more clearly.

"The laws of life are of compensation," he said, with assurance. "You blinded yourself with pleasure because you could not admit a shadow of pain to tone it. You had your gratifications all at once, Massa Henri; now you must have your denials in the same way."

"But, Simon, life is very lonely," he said, piteously.

The man's features worked again.

"What would you have," he asked, sternly, "to take your thoughts from your salvation? What would you barter for the peace of your soul?"

"No, no, Simon," he remonstrated; "I don't mean that. I will give what I have to them, you know; but I think if I had—if I could find Isa, or some dear child like her, to stay with me, you know, and read to me, as this little girl here does, and cheer me up, why, it seems to me, I should be better, not worse—not worse at all for it."

The mulatto's features were stamped with alarm. The passionate whispers he had breathed to himself acquired new significance. He scrutinized his master's face. "We must get away from here," he thought with determination.

Through the silence that ensued he busied his active brain with plans for their removal from Brierville. It was a good many years since Mr. St. Hellens had opposed any obstacle to his plans or suggestions, but he remembered too well the pertinacity latent in his character to risk arousing it. He beheld with dismay that a new element was at work in the mind which had so long been pliant to his own, and he approached it with a caution worthy of his craft.

"It is a week, sir, since we have seen Father Ambrose," he said, breaking the pause at length.

"You are so well to-day that, if you can spare me, I will walk over to see him this afternoon."

Mr. St. Hellens had started at the sound of his servant's voice from his reverie. His face wore a happy, tranquil expression, which vanished as he listened to the request.

"Of course, of course," he said, impatiently, in reply.

"I can't sit for my picture this morning," Madeline had said, in reply to Mr. Hylder, when, after leaving Mr. St. Hellens's room, she found the young man, who had erected an awning and improvised a gallery out of doors, and who, at that moment, was employed in arranging Miss Catty's posture for her picture.

"Well, you must come this afternoon, then. I think it will be overcast by-and-by; and, if it is, I'm going to try and get a view of the house, so I shall be here most all day."

Glancing upward, Madeline saw Mr. St. Hellens at his window, apparently interested in watching the proceedings. As she passed Mr. Hylder, she asked, in a low voice:

"Have you not heard anything yet?"

"Not yet, but I'm sure I must this afternoon."

"What did she say to you, Robert?" asked Miss Catty, sharply.

"Nothing of the least consequence, Catty. Turn your head a little more to the left." He threw the shade over the camera and took out his watch. It is sad to relate that the picture he procured perpetuated Miss Catty's most unamiable expression.

Shortly after mail-time that afternoon, Madeline saw Mr. Hylder coming up the avenue with an open letter in his hand; and, stealing away from the dining-room, where she was polishing the britannia, she followed him into his little gallery, where he stood, with a somewhat troubled expression on his frank face.

"Has it come, Mr. Hylder?" she asked.

"Yes, Miss Madeline," and he hesitated.

"And they will not have me?" She spoke huskily, growing very white.

"No matter now, Miss Madeline," began the

young man. "Folks mustn't always expect to succeed the first time, and—"

"Oh, Mr. Hylder, what shall I do?—what shall I do?" she moaned.

"Now don't, now please don't feel so bad, Miss Madeline—now just hear this: the young lady that had the place—I told you about her, you know—well, you see, she expected to be married, and somehow it's fallen through, and she's got to go back there to teaching. Now you see that's a great deal worse than your case;" with which awkward consolation the young man approached Madeline, who leaned in a helpless, despairing way against the tent-pole, looking bewildered by her disappointment.

"But what shall I tell him? what shall I do next? I can't stay here," she sobbed.

She buried her face in her little hands, so troubled and miserable that Robert Hylder's great sympathetic heart yearned over her to its very depths. He could not leave her, so tried and helpless. He would give his life, and strength, and labor to lift the cloud from the saintly little face which he had shined as an epitome of beauty in his breast. For an instant a wild dream of love for the little maiden before him surged in his heart. He wanted to take her in his strong arms, and shield her for ever; to work for her; to live, to watch over, and to worship her.

Trembling at his own audacity he drew her hands from her white face and stole one arm about her. She started from him, gazing with frightened eyes into his, which were radiant with tenderness; and with a sudden comprehension, an appalled shrinking, and a little, moaning cry, she fled from him.

"An artful, good-for-nothing minx!" Miss Catty's voice was shrill with excitement, as she confronted the doctor that afternoon.

Dr. Donivon laid his hand heavily on Madeline's arm as she hurried through the hall; her mother, pale and rigid, looked on, from a shadow in the passage. Several of the patients sitting about enjoyed the novelty of the scene.

"We are just the same as engaged, and she knows it," pursued Miss Catty; "and she's done nothing but follow him around with her little, contemptible, coaxing ways ever since she came; and now there's got to be an end to it: either she or I shall leave the house to-night. And if I go, he goes, and some of the others, too, I guess," and Miss Catty glanced around, malignantly.

Dr. Donivon's grasp tightened on his stepdaughter's arm.

"What do you mean?" he asked, in a low, venomous voice; "what do you mean?" and he shook her. "How dare you come to my house to make this trouble?" speaking between his teeth. The girl was too much frightened and amazed to speak. Her silence exasperated her stepfather.

"Yes," said Miss Catty, trembling with passion, and clenching her small fist, "who are you, to make this trouble between us?"

Madeline quivered with pain and passion at the insulting words. She tried to free herself, but Dr. Donivon kept his hold upon her. She turned her eyes, blazing with a fierce, metallic lustre, full upon him, and trying again to loose her arm, said to him, suppressing her voice, "Let me go."

"Let you go! of course I'll let you go," he answered. "In a hurry, too. Just as quick as you can pack yourself out of this house."

"I've nothing to pack," she said, in a kind of despairing stupor.

"Well, out then—out with you," and he drew her along toward the hall-door, as if he would push her into the street.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, in affright.

In the absence of his servant, Mr. St. Hellens had come below that afternoon, on the arrival of the mail, and still holding his unopened letters in his hand, had witnessed the scene. His sallow, sunken cheeks flamed with anger, and stepping forward more nimbly than he had stepped in many a day before, he half-raised his cane at the doctor.

"Monster! coward!" he cried out. "By my faith, what are you about? Here, give me the girl—I am her protector."

Madeline sprang toward him in her helplessness.

"Oh, Mr. St. Hellens!" she cried.

"There—there, my dear. We'll see! A pretty piece of business, I do declare. Come on, my child, to my room. We'll see about this! Come, madam," he said to Mrs. Donivon.

"Will you give her to me? I ask you for her," he continued, impetuously, as his chamber-door closed upon them.

Even then Mrs. Donivon's controlling policy did not desert her. Some instinct assured her that the instant was a crisis, in which she should not interfere.

"Mr. St. Hellens," she answered, with emotion, "what can I say? I am so powerless that my own child hardly belongs to me. I have had to force her fate into her own hands, and she holds it, independent of her unhappy mother."

"Madeline"—he looked affectionately into the girl's unconscious face—"will you go with me, dear, and let me always take care of you?"

She made him no answer. All these trials were suddenly shaping her womanhood into independence. A month ago, she would have abandoned herself to him with the confidence of a child. Now—

She put her hands into his.

"If you could get me work to do," she whispered, with a proud face. "You will not think me ungrateful, will you, Mr. St. Hellens?"—oh! I owe so much to you! But I am a woman. I have promised mamma that I would not be weak and childish, and, don't you know, I would rather work. I could not bear to—" and she paused in embarrassment.

"That is a foolish feeling, child, and yet," gazing into her fair, young face, "I honor you for it. But, Madeline," and a perplexed, pleading look came into his eyes, and she smiled with a sort



of fond indulgence upon the girl, "I want you with me, little one. Do you know that somehow you have made me very happy? that I cannot bear to give you up?" he was stroking her hair, with his pale hands. His eyes were pensive and wistful, as in his morning's reverie, and his voice cooing, like that of a child.

A confused consciousness dawned in the girl's mind. Mr. St. Hellens's words were like a silver cord dangling from above into the abyss which hemmed her in—a slender chance of succor. With him? Where else could she go? She was an outcast now. Hard as the home had been, it was still a shelter—its boundaries a protection. But alone in the great, wide world!—her fright at the picture leaped to her face and blanched it still more. She caught her benefactor's hands and covered her wet face with them.

"Will you let me work for you, Mr. St. Hellens?" she sobbed. "I was proud and wicked this morning: now I would be glad to be your servant."

Mr. St. Hellens again loosed his hands and passed them across her young head, with its shining hair. He hesitated, seeming to protract his desire to utter words which trembled on his lips.

"I am an old man, little Madeline," he began after awhile, "and I might ask you to come with me as a daughter, but I have a strange, weak feeling that it would be sacrilege to claim as a child any other than the one who has far, far more than any common claim upon me. And yet I want you with me—" He paused, looking into the timid, earnest face, that met his for the first time, as his look dimly revealed his meaning, with a faltering expression.

"I think we need each other, little one," he continued, in a wistful tone; and drawing her partly toward him, he added, very simply and quietly:

"Will you marry me, Madeline?"

Perhaps Madeline Orme had thought, as girls will, of some such words being some time said to her. If so, the picture she had made of them was not like this. It seemed to her that there was a violent wrench at her heart, a spasm of nervous palpitation, a choking denial of the request.

And then— It is hard to say what followed; a sense of incapacity for resistance, of security, of gratitude, of self-dethronement. She cast one glance of dumb appeal at her mother; but Mrs. Donivon's face was rigid with breathless excitement; her instincts were struggling with this chance for consummated ambition, and she could only return her daughter's look with eyes whose expression sealed them to discouragement.

"You are too good, Mr. St. Hellens," Madeline murmured, in a vague tone.

"It is you, child, who are good to me," he answered, taking her words for acquiescence, pressing his lips lightly to her forehead, and suddenly relinquishing her.

Madeline sat down at Mr. St. Hellens's feet, as she did when reading aloud for him.

"Mrs. Donivon," he said, in a tremulous, agitated way, "I will do right by her."

An hour or two elapsed before Simon's return from his visit to the priest. There was a look of resolve and satisfaction on his face as he opened the door of his master's room, but it faded to a dull glare at a glance at the faces which met him.

"It has passed the help of words," he thought, and bowing respectfully to the ladies, he proceeded to busy himself in silence about the room.

Suddenly Mr. St. Hellens's unopened letters caught his eye.

"You have not looked at your letters yet, Massa Henri," he observed.

"True—true, you may read to me, Simon," answered the invalid; "or, no, I will look at them myself."

He glanced over two or three hastily. But as he perused the contents of that last opened, his face glowed with excitement, his eyes seemed glued to the words, and his hands fairly clutched the paper.

"Simon," he gasped, rather than said, and stretching the letter toward the man, he fell back fainting in his chair.

That evening after Madeline was in bed, her mother went to her room. Mrs. Donivon somehow felt little of the exultation which a short time before she would have anticipated from such a brilliant prospect as seemed to await her daughter. She was rather pale and agitated as she sat down by the bedside. It had all come about so strangely and suddenly.

"It seems, dear, that you will have to be married directly," she said, in a hushed tone.

How little marriage meant to Madeline Orme that hour!

"What has happened, mamma?" she asked, quietly.

"One of those letters Mr. St. Hellens received was from his son—his adopted son, you know; and it seems he has got some trace of the daughter Mr. St. Hellens lost. I've never known how she was lost; have you, Madeline?" asked Mrs. Donivon, thoughtfully.

"No, ma'am."

"And it is necessary for him to return directly to New Orleans, inasmuch as he has all the evidences which will identify her with him; he keeps them, he told me, in that ebony box which he is always so careful of."

"I wonder what she is like, mamma?" wondered, with a childlike curiosity, from the point.

Mrs. Donivon caressed her child tenderly, without replying.

"Mr. St. Hellens says that you must get a traveling suit, and leave everything else until you reach New Orleans. He has been talking to me about his property. He is very liberal, dear. He will settle a hundred thousand dollars on you as soon as he gets home. He has settled the same on this adopted son he speaks of. The remainder of his fortune goes to his daughter, or, as his will

stands at present, to the church; he is a Romanist, it seems; but he will alter it directly if this prove to be she."

"Wasn't it odd that she should be lost, mamma?" answered Madeline, in the same tone.

"These old, rich families sometimes have strange doings among themselves," replied Mrs. Donivon.

#### CHAPTER V.—BRIDAL BELLS.

MADÉLINE ORME'S wedding-day broke gloomy and gray. It was still early in September, but the summer was ended.

Miss Catty had departed from the Water Cure on the morning following the *emue*, after a brief interview with Robert Hylder, who still remained. He said he wanted a favorable morning, that he might, before he went, take a good photograph of the house, which was really quite an imposing mansion, having been built originally for the summer residence of some wealthy family, who, upon trial, had not found Brierville *plaisante*.

On the day following his singular and sudden betrothal, Mr. St. Hellens had been unable to leave his room. Excitement seemed to have prostrated body and mind. He was drowsy and depressed. At Madeline's voice or touch he roused, smiled kindly and with satisfaction at her presence, but further than that he observed very little.

Madeline exhibited a genuine distress at his situation, but Simon assured her that his master was liable to such attacks after excitement; that his nervous system had been shattered by painful scenes which he had gone through, and that there was no danger to apprehend. The girl herself had changed during these few days. A dim appreciation of her position seemed to have sealed her features with a composure which no longer admitted of hope or fear. Perhaps during the moments which she had had in which to speculate alone on the change before her, there had been some vague revolt of instinct against this marriage. If so, she was too ignorant to understand or to pursue its nature, and she accepted the protection which Mr. St. Hellens offered her with grateful tranquillity. And in such a mood she stood on her marriage morning, listening with half comprehension to her mother's talk.

"You will have great power, complete independence, Madeline, if you are only judicious," said Mrs. Donivon, thoughtfully.

"I hope I shall do right, mamma," was the calm reply; and so she went to her destiny.

It seemed as though a great effort of will alone prevented Mr. St. Hellens from lapsing, even that morning, into the lethargy which had ensued upon the excitement consequent upon the reception of the letter whose perusal had followed his offer of marriage. He complained of a deadly numbness, a sort of paralysis of muscle and brain, against which he strove in vain.

When Madeline went to his room, when the carriage which was to convey them to the chapel waited at the door, she found him in a trembling, half-fainting condition, while Simon was chafing his hands and holding aromatics to his nostrils in a nervous, hurried way, that was quite unusual to him. He motioned to Madeline to leave the room in a way that was almost beseeching.

A half hour later, however, Mr. St. Hellens joined her in the parlor, at least partially restored, but retaining a stony and bewildered look.

"Let us wait till to-morrow, Mr. St. Hellens," entreated Madeline; "you are not well enough to start upon this journey."

"No, no, child, we'll not wait," he said. "I shall be better soon—all the better for traveling; it is only this dizzy numbness which creeps over me. It seems—it seems," and he pressed his hands to his head, "as if a wave, that would drown all sensation and capacity, came on and on." He paused a moment. "Come, come, Simon!" he called, sharply, to the man, who had not yet descended.

A minute after he appeared, carrying portmanteaus and shawls, in a way as though they had been snatched up carelessly. Mr. St. Hellens's sense of order was keen.

"See how you have those things," he said, petulently.

"I was very much hurried, sir," answered the man.

The atmosphere of the little chapel was still heavy from incense swung at the last vespers. The few people who, seeing the doors open, had dropped in, sat in a kind of nervous quiet in the seats near the chancel, their outlines dim in the cloudy shadows. Just where Mr. St. Hellens and Madeline stood a pool of purple light, which, streaming through the colored spandrels, had caught their stain, settled heavily. The still, white face of the marble Madonna looked from the altar-heights upon the face of the bride, as white and still; upon that of the groom, with its pale, delicate features and composed air.

Owing to the fact that Madeline was not a Catholic, the ceremony was simple and brief. The charges and responses were spoken, heads bowed, blessings given, and the wedding was over. There were no congratulations. Before turning from the altar, Mr. St. Hellens said, in a low, impressive way, to the officiating priest, who had sometimes visited him since his arrival in Brierville, taking his bride by the hand as he spoke:

"Mrs. Henri St. Hellens, father."

Madeline looked up with a childish start and a half smile. The priest inclined his head gravely.

As they walked down the aisle, Mr. St. Hellens again pressed his hand to his head.

"I am so faint," he whispered.

In the porch he took Simon's arm. His face was so ashy pale that the bride hardly repressed a cry at the sight of it in the daylight.

All day in the cars he lay upon blankets piled on a seat, sleeping heavily. Madeline, sitting near, watched him with perplexed alarm. Sometimes, in a strange, stony composure, she gazed upon the trees and fences and fields, which seemed to elude them as they sped along—the yellow and

crimson forests, the crisp blue ripples of the streams, the white flecks of the September sky, which came and went, came and went, hour by hour, all day long, before her.

She had so much to realize, and she realized nothing. A little after dark they reached their first stopping-place. Mr. St. Hellens roused for a moment. He was very, very tired, he said. Simon almost lifted him to the carriage, and from it to the hotel. Before their supper was served he was obliged to retire.

Long after, late into the night, Madeline sat by the window, in a room adjoining her husband's, listening to Simon, as he moved about to the invalid's occasional demands, uttered in a faint tone, and tried vainly to comprehend her strange position, to foresee her new career.

When she went to Mr. St. Hellens in the morning he hardly roused to notice her. Lying upon the bed, oppressed and drowsy, with his fine, silky hair hardly stirring on his forehead, his pale, sharpened features, and emaciated frame, he seemed as if under a blighting spell. He grew old, inexpressibly old, every minute. He appeared to wither and shrivel through each instant of his strange sleep, till his bride, catching her breath with horror at the thought, began to fear him—to feel that she was mated to the victim of an evil incantation or unholy charm. It was no mortal sickness that possessed him, she thought, but some weird influence, which sapped his strength and veiled his vision, and she shuddered. She fancied she saw the thin, filmy web weaving about him, excluding him from all the world but her. She was his wife. She felt a morbid loathing creeping over her.

Day after day they traveled on, without change in Mr. St. Hellens's condition. Simon naturally assumed the direction of their movements, and Madeline yielded without concern.

But the long voyage down the river was inexpressibly tranquilizing. It even appeared as a transition from one existence to another. Sliding through monotony into change, the tide was as a fate which admits of no return. The irreclaimable past lost itself within the lapsing present. The hard trials of her young life faded from recollection. The shock that had followed her marriage softened. She sat under the awnings of the deck, sailing out of the chill autumn air into a southerly summer, the shore still vivid with green and gay with flowers, a calm, even pulse stirring the amber air, the dull plash of the waters making a monotony of music. She was far from being unhappy, and she abandoned herself with ease to her condition.

#### CHAPTER VI.—CYRIL.

MR. ST. HELLENS'S family residence was two or three miles from the city. A large, rambling house, surrounded by extensive grounds, which had once been the family pride.

For generations of St. Hellemses had come and gone in their day. The silent old house had been gay once; lovers had loitered in the parks, fountains leaped in the sunshine, and stately trees and riotous vines grown and thriven in those by-gone days when some happier St. Hellems had christened the homestead "The Villa Desir." The little gentleman, under the spell of his strange sickness, who was bringing his girl-wife to her home, was the last of his line. The son he had adopted was of alien blood; the daughter he had sought for had a blotted birth; the wife he had married was a wife only in name; the heir of his vast inheritance was an abstraction; and he, blighted and helpless, a dependent upon one of his own servants.

On the day when, as the household had been notified, the travelers were expected, Mr. St. Hellems's adopted son was awaiting them at the villa. No intimation of the master's condition had been received, and so some little attempt had been made to render the grim, old house cheerful for the reception. A suite of apartments, constituting a wing, were in good order. Mr. St. Hellems had furnished them anew after his father's death, and had occupied them exclusively for a good many years. They communicated by a dark, narrow passage with the main house, where the furniture was faded and tarnished in the disused rooms. In these there had been little change made beyond opening the windows and building huge fires to dissipate the gathered dampness, it being supposed that Mr. St. Hellems's bachelor apartments would still suffice. They, indeed, constituted a house in miniature, with library and bath and boudoir. The mellow afternoon light flooded them with a delicious tone; vases of roses garnished the stands and shelves, and saturated the air with their perfume, and the warmth of the open fire wooed it from their hearts.

Here Cyril St. Hellems waited for his father and his father's wife.

There are lives which seem to attract and appropriate the treasures of other lives, and whose happiness seems made up of the hopes and dreams and longings cast into their unconsciousness, as the gold and silver ornaments were cast by the Spanish ladies of old into the molten metal which was to form the Panama cathedral bell.

Cyril St. Hellems was such a life. He was dowered with adorations.

He stood before the hearth as the afternoon waned, gazing thoughtfully into the heart of the fire. He was superbly handsome. Tall, muscular, heroic in his mold, with clear, brilliant eyes, a silky beard and all the self-assured equisopie of twenty-five in his mien. He was vain—too vain to show his vanity. Standing there, he seemed to say: "There is nothing out of my reach; and, if you looked a little deeper: 'Nor anything worth the effort of reaching.'"

One of the servants came to the door.

"The carriage is coming, Massa Cyril."

He went through the little dark passage into the main hall, and found the great doors ready opened, a crowd of domestics waiting with their welcome, while the carriage was being driven slowly up the avenue; and he saw that Uncle Daniel's face looked heavy and black on the box.

He hastened down the steps as it stopped;

Simon was slowly unfastening the door, Mr. St. Hellems lay, in his unaroused lethargy, propped with pillows in one corner, and Madeline, suddenly stricken with a cruel sense of embarrassment and intrusion, shrank back beside him.

"Massa Henri has one of his attacks," Simon explained, and Cyril seemed to understand; "and Mrs. St. Hellems is considerably fatigued, so we drove slowly."

"Mrs. St. Hellems, you are very welcome to Desir," said Cyril, with a low bow, as Simon prepared to carry the invalid into the house. "You will take him, I suppose, to his own apartments, Simon?"

"Yes, sir. How do you do, mammy?" The mulatto received the salutations of the servants as his master's proxy. He seemed altogether to belong to a different grade, to possess a different position. Cyril St. Hellems deferred to and the others obeyed him.

"Are any of the upper chambers prepared, Aunt Chloe?" he asked, moving along through the neal group with his unconscious burden. "Mrs. St. Hellems will need the oak-room for the present."

Cyril offered the new mistress of Villa Desir his hand to assist her from the carriage, with polite indifference. He had, in fact, bestowed very little consideration upon the subject of his father's marriage. His own fortune, his own lot in life, were assured: that there should be a Mrs. Henri St. Hellems was just a matter of supreme unconcern to him. He confessed, however, to a start of surprise at the extreme youth of the bride; to a certain pity for her evident embarrassment in her new position; to an evident indefinite scorn for her probable motives for the match; and with a sort of running presentation to the servants, he escorted her to the house, and into the state drawing-room, where he wheeled an arm-chair before the fire, and excused himself upon the plea of going to his father.

Madeline had not spoken; she dared not speak. She looked around the dilapidated room, moldy, and damp and grim as it was, at the servants waiting for her orders at the door, and wondered what right she had there at all. She shivered with excitement; she would gladly have gone to her husband, but she had not the courage. And if she should go—she could not help her. Her one friend in the world was powerless to assist her—to affirm her title, to account for her presence. Her servants, lingering and fearing to intrude upon her, seemed like spies, Cyril's politeness like a mockery. The great round tears rolled down her cheeks, and not attempting to take off her bonnet or gloves, she sat without moving where she had been placed.

By-and-by Cyril came back. He did not feel that it was in his place to act the host to Mrs. St. Hellems, so he sat down with gravity on the opposite side of the fire till supper was announced.

"I regret that you should find the rooms so cheerless," he said then; "we had supposed, not knowing of my father's illness, that the wing would give you enough room until the remainder of the house should be refurnished."

"Have you taken Mr. St. Hellems to the wing?" There was something so plaintive and childish in her voice, that the young man's formality was half-disarmed. "Because I would like to go and see him."

To find herself at her journey's end so singularly deprived of her husband's protection; to find his helpless state unchanged, and all preparing as for its continuance; herself completely separated from him; her position so questionable; her self-dependence unrelieved by the presence of a single person; the existence of a single fact to which she could turn for advice or support, was a severe strain upon the self-control of a girl of sixteen. The present looked difficult; the future full of stumblingblocks. What she had said to her mother on her wedding morning, recurred to her with significance—"she hoped she should do right."

In her dreary room, whose oaken panels seemed ready to open and admit the ghosts of buried St. Hellemses to her company, she reflected that night upon her reception.

She thought that Mr. St. Hellems's son might have been a trifle more cordial and kind. Then, with even her limited knowledge of the world, she guessed that he might not like his father's marriage, and thus accounted for his coldness.

She thought of the crowd of servants who had seemed so officious to her simplicity, and smiled at having allowed their scrutiny to embarrass her. With the penetration which is born of necessity, she sifted facts, and their review helped her. Pride, too, helped her. She justified and believed in herself, and she became composed.

There are some natures in which antagonism breeds submission, but those in which it gives birth to defiance are the safer, on the whole.

A NOVEL WAGER.—An amusing story is going the rounds of the Paris clubs. It appears that, a short time ago, a foreign prince made a heavy bet that he would be arrested by the police without committing any offense whatever, or in any way provoking the authorities. The bet having been taken by a member of the Imperial Club, the prince went to one of the most aristocratic cafés in Paris, dressed in a battered hat, a ragged blouse, and boots all in holes, and, sitting down at one of the tables, ordered a cup of coffee. The waiters, however, paid no attention to so suspicious-looking a customer, upon which the prince put his hand in his pocket, and showed them a bundle of bank notes. The proprietor then ordered the coffee to be served, sending, meanwhile, to the nearest police station for a *sergent de ville*. The prince was duly arrested and taken to the Commissary of Police, where he stated who he was, and was afterward taken to the gentleman with whom he made the bet, to prove his identity. A similar story was told at Vienna, some time ago, of a Hunarian, Prince Sander, M. de Metternich's son-in-law, who, in order to make his arrest quite sure, took the bank notes out of his boots.

"I am all heart," said a military officer to his comrade. "Pity you're not part pluck," said the colonel in command.



# THE ARTILLERY-MAN

## And the Elephant.

THE remarkable intelligence of the domesticated elephant has been exemplified so frequently as to become proverbial. If he possessed the power of speech, he would be almost more than human; as it is, he often puts to shame the higher pretension of his lordly masters.

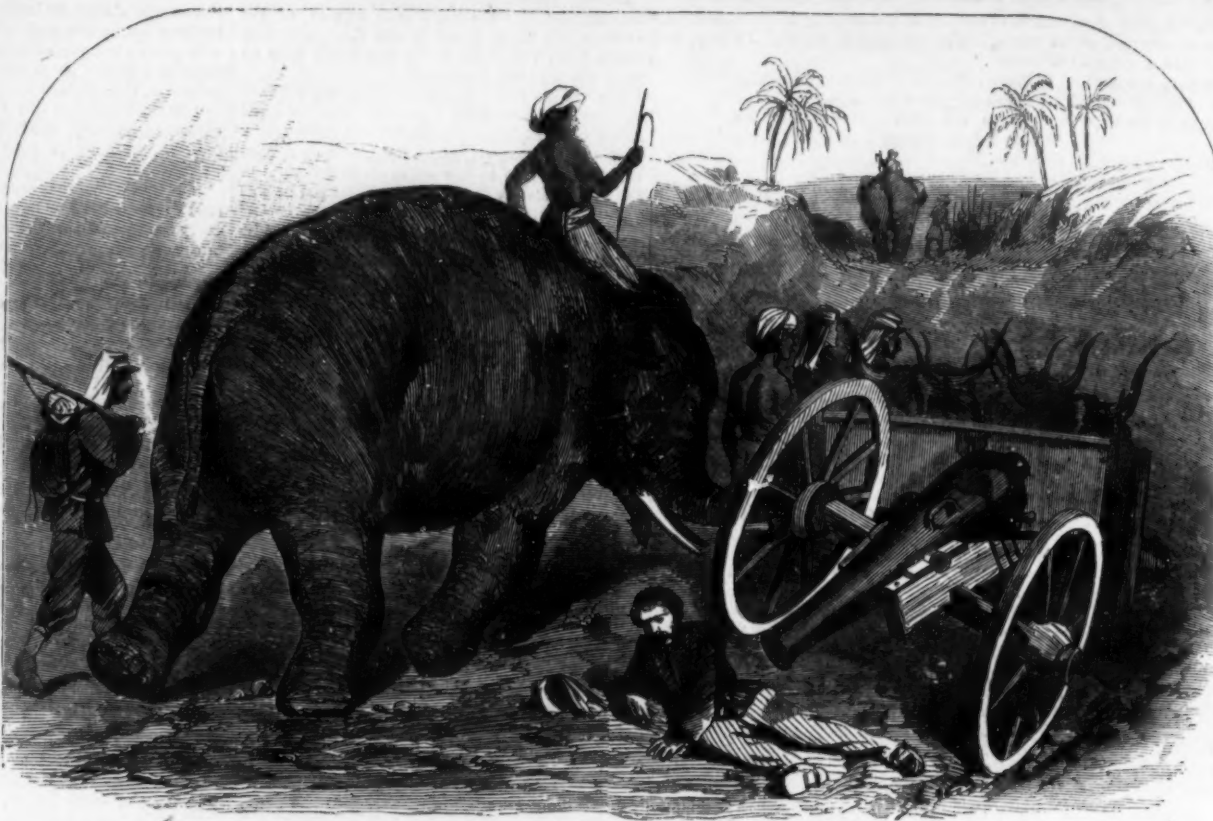
Our illustration represents a corroborative fact. A battering train, going to a siege of a town in India, had to cross the sandy bed of a river, that resembled other rivers of the East, which have, during the summer season, but a small stream of water running through them, though their beds are mostly of considerable breadth, very heavy for draught, and abounding in quicksands. An artilleryman who was seated on the tumbrel of one of the guns, by some accident fell off in such a situation, that in a minute or two the hind wheel must have gone over him.

The elephant, which was stationed behind the gun, perceiving the danger, instantly, without any warning from its keepers, lifted up the wheel with its trunk, and kept it suspended till the carriage had passed clear of him.

# THE GRAVE OF COL. ELLSWORTH.

COL. ELLSWORTH was one of those brave young men who gave themselves promptly and heartily

try—the huge and powerful elephant being tamed and made the gentle servant, willing to do his master's bidding, even if he convert himself into a ferry-boat. The elephant is a good swimmer, and one might have a much more objectionable conveyance. The novelty of the thing might warrant its introduction here; as a paying enter-



THE ARTILLERY-MAN AND THE ELEPHANT.

# A MEXICAN HAT MERCHANT.

It does not require a very large capital to carry on business in Mexico. There a man can carry his whole stock in trade on his head, and instead of waiting quietly and anxiously for customers to come and make purchases, he adopts the commonest method of taking his goods to the customer. Our illustration represents an every-day specimen of a Mexican trader, who is not ashamed to wear his own hats, and thus recommend their excellence.

# CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT RATS.

THERE are many interesting and sometimes very funny instances of cats suckling and bringing up the offspring of animals altogether different from their own species. A gentleman told us some time ago, when paying a visit to a friend of his, he noticed a cat and two kittens, which were having a good time in his room.

"Keep quiet for a moment," said his friend, "and you shall be witness to a very curious spectacle presently."

The two friends quietly took a seat and did not stir. After a few minutes a low noise, not unlike the rustling of a creeping animal, was heard from behind the stove, and presently a saucy rat made its appearance; at first it looked round about the room with great caution, and then without much hesitation made its way toward the old cat, which was quietly reposing on a cushion, the kittens resting by her side. Nay, even more, the rat forthwith began to suckle the old cat as if it were a member of the family. The cat did not even stir, as if so extraordinary a proceeding were a matter of course, though the kittens seemed to be somewhat startled by the boldness of the rat.

The owner of the cat, who had always been fond of a practical joke, had succeeded in smuggling the rat into the cat-family on the day the kittens were born; the experiment turned out to be a perfect success. One of our artists has thought the touching scene described to be an object worthy of his pencil.

In a similar manner puppies, rabbits, young hares, squirrels, and the like, are known to have been suckled and brought up by cats; it is a spectacle particularly amusing to see the old cat promenading in company with her step-children, and participating in their droll and youthful sports. It is also a scene, funny beyond description, to observe how the half-grown squirrel is hurrying up a tree and petulantly jumping from branch to branch, whilst the wiser mother is

in pursuing it, one of the party, named Arend, encountered a borelé.

Pulling up his horse, or rather trying to do so, for the animal was restive in the presence of such danger, he fired.

The shot produced a result that was neither expected nor desired.

With a roar like the bellowing of an angry bull, the monster turned and charged straight toward the horseman.

Arend was obliged to seek safety in flight, while the borelé pursued in a manner that told of its being wounded, but not incapacitated from seeking revenge.



A MEXICAN HAT SELLER.

At the commencement of the chase there was but a very short distance between pursuer and pursued; and, in place of turning suddenly out of the track and allowing the monster to pass by him—which he should have done, knowing the defect of vision natural to the rhinoceros—the young hunter carried on in a straight line, all the while employed in reloading his rifle.

His mistake did not arise from any want of knowledge or presence of mind, but rather from carelessness and an unworthy estimation of the abilities of the borelé to overtake him.

He had long been a successful hunter, and success too often begets that over-confidence which leads to many a mischance that the more cautious sportsman will avoid.

Suddenly he found his flight arrested by the thick scrub of thorny bushes, known in South Africa as the "wait-a-bit," and the horse he was riding did wait a bit, and so long that the borelé was soon close upon his heels.

There was now neither time nor room to turn either to the right or to the left.

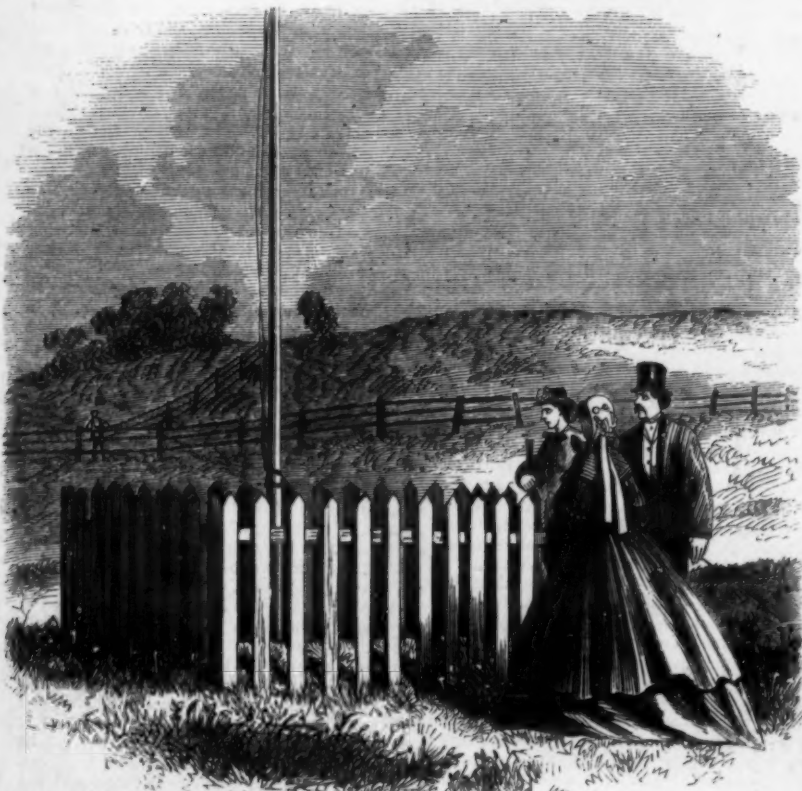
The rifle was at length loaded. There would have been but little chance of killing the rhinoceros by a single shot, especially with such uncertain aim as would have been taken from the back of a frightened horse.

Arend, therefore, threw himself from the saddle. He had a two-fold purpose in doing so.

His aim would be more correct; there was a chance of the borelé keeping on after the horse, and leaving him an undisturbed spectator of the field.

The field of view embraced by the eyes of a rhinoceros is not large, but, unfortunately for the hunter, as the frightened horse fled from his side, it was he himself that came within the limited circle of the borelé's vision.

Hastily raising the rifle to his shoulder, he fired at the advancing enemy, and then fled toward a clump of trees that chanced to be near by



THE GRAVE OF COL. ELLSWORTH, AT MECHANICSVILLE, N. Y.

to their country when it called for help. Just at the beginning of the war he was shot at Alexandria, while attempting to replace the national colors over a hotel in that place.

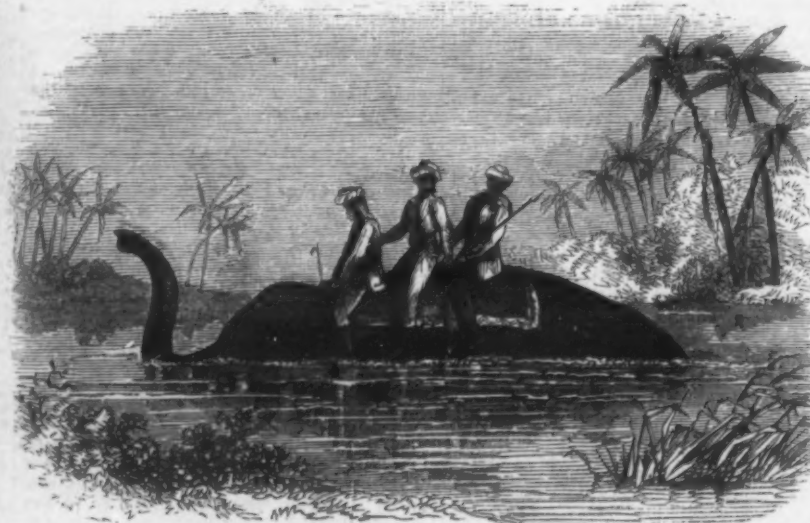
His remains were buried at Mechanicsville, on the banks of the Hudson, a few miles from Troy. Our picture gives a representation of his resting-place. It is situated on a gentle rise of ground, apart from all other graves, in the south-eastern part of the rural cemetery, in the outskirts of the pretty village of his youth, Mechanicsville, about twelve miles north from Troy, N. Y., and on the western bank of the Hudson.

At his head, the only mark of respect his countrymen have thus far seen fit to erect, is a flagstaff, upon which, for about a year after his death, was accustomed to be raised and lowered, at sunrise and sunset, that flag he loved so dearly. But now the plain board fence and staff alone are the solitary tokens of remembrance of one who was mourned in every patriotic Northern family as an only son. It is a solemn reproach to his country that one who so devoted his whole interest and life to its service should now be so neglected and apparently forgotten.

# CROSSING A RIVER.

YANKEE ingenuity, highly as it is commended, would hardly devise more convenient appliances than the natives of Asia adopt for their comfort and convenience. The picture of crossing a river represents a very common spectacle in that coun-

try—it would doubtless prove successful, however it might comport with our notions of enlightened progress.



CROSSING A RIVER IN INDIA.



He could hear the heavy tread of the rhinoceros as it followed close upon his heels. It seemed to shake the earth.

Closer and closer he heard it, so near that he dared not look around.

He fancied he could feel the breath of the monster blowing upon his back!

His only chance was to make a sudden deviation from his course, and leave the borelé to pass on in its impetuous charge.

This he did, turning sharply to the right, when he saw that he had just escaped being elevated upon the creature's horn.

This manoeuvre enabled him to gain some distance as he started off in the new direction; but it was not long maintained, for the borelé was again in hot pursuit, without any show of fatigue, while the tremendous exertions he had himself been making rendered him incapable of continuing his flight much longer.

He had just sufficient strength left to avoid an immediate encounter by taking one more turn; when fortunately he saw before him the trunk of a large baobab tree lying prostrate along the ground. It had been blown down by some mighty storm, and lay resting upon its roots at one end, and its shivered branches at the other, so as to leave a space of about two feet between its trunk and the ground.

Suddenly throwing himself down, Arend glided under the tree, just in time to escape the long horn whose point had again come in close proximity with his back.

The hunter had now time to recover his breath, and, to some extent, his confidence. He saw that the fallen tree would protect him. Even should the rhinoceros come round to the other side, he would only have to roll back again to place himself beyond the reach of his terrible horn.

The space below was ample enough to enable him to pass through, but too small for the body of the borelé.

By creeping back and forward he could always place himself in safety.

And this was just what he had to do, for the enraged monster, on seeing him on the other side, immediately ran round the roots and renewed the attack.

a position to command a view on both sides of the huge trunk, evidently determined to stay there and await the chance of getting within reach of its victim.

Thus silently beleaguered, the young hunter set about considering in what manner he might accomplish the raising of the siege.

The sun went down, the moon ascended above the tops of the surrounding trees, yet the borelé seemed no less inspired by the spirit of revenge than on first receiving the injuries it was wishing to resent.

For many hours the young hunter waited patiently for it to move away in search of food or any other object except that of revenge, but in this hope he was disappointed. The pain inflicted by the shots would not allow either hunger or thirst to interfere with the desire for retaliation, and it continued to maintain a watch so vigilant that Arend dared not leave his retreat for an instant.

Whenever he made a movement, the enemy did the same.

It was a long time before he could think of any plan that would give him a chance of getting away. One at length occurred to him.

Although unable to reload the rifle with a bullet, the thought came into his mind that the borelé might be blinded by a heavy charge of powder, or so confused by it as to give him an opportunity of stealing away.

This seemed an excellent plan, yet so simple, that Arend was somewhat surprised that he had not thought of it before.

Without difficulty he succeeded in pouring a double quantity of powder into the barrel; and, in order to keep it there until he had an opportunity for a close shot, some dry grass was forced into the muzzle.

The chance soon offered, and taking a deliberate aim at one of the borelé's eyes with the muzzle of the gun not more than two feet from its head, he pulled the trigger.

With a loud moan of mingled rage and agony, the rhinoceros rushed toward him, and frantically but vainly exerted all its strength in an endeavor to overturn the baobab.

"One more shot at the other eye," thought Arend "and I shall be free."



BEIEGED BY A BORELE.

close after it a voice exclaiming, "Look out, baas Willem, somebody comes yonder!"

Two seconds more and Arend was safe from further pursuit. The hound was dancing round the borelé's head, by his loud, angry yelps diverting its attention from everything but himself.

Two seconds more and Groot Willem and Hendrick came riding up, and less than half a minute after the monster, having received a shot from the heavy roer, slowly settled down in his tracks—a dead rhinoceros.

#### THE TUG OF WAR;

Or, an Encounter between a Tiger and an Alligator.

THE tiger in India makes sad havoc among the herds of cattle, often carrying off the choicest and best to satisfy his rapacity and hunger. The owners, however, frequently revenge themselves on the marauder, by gathering certain poisonous berries, pounding them to powder, and rubbing them on the carcass of a bullock that the tiger has killed, but not entirely eaten. As he returns at dark and renews his feast, he soon finds his blood in a fever, and his mouth parched with intense thirst; and, hastening to the nearest stream, laps the water greedily, and in a few minutes is stretched on the bank, dead, so subtle and speedy is the effect of the poison.

An English captain was once in ambush, by the side of a river, when he saw a poisoned tiger come down to drink and die; but it singularly happened there were awaiting his approach two other potent agents of death—the captain's rifle and the jaws of a monstrous alligator. Rushing toward the river, the tiger plunged in and commenced lapping the water with greedy avidity, as if to allay the burning fire raging within from the effects of the poison. He then came out and commenced rolling on the ground and biting savagely at the bushes. A second time he took to the water, and made as though he meant to swim across, and the captain, to end the agony of the poor brute, was about to pull the trigger, when an alligator rose suddenly and snapped at the tiger with his terrible jaws. Instantly the brute forgot his sufferings, and fell on the alligator tooth and nail. Teeth and nails, however, made little impression on the mail coat of the amphibious monster, who did his best to haul the tiger down to his slimy bed, and, to prevent it, the latter fought and beat the water with his broad fore-arms till hills of foam partially hid the combatants from the sportsman's view.

Now they sank, now they rose again, the hooked teeth of the alligator never losing their grip, and the white foam taking a deeper tinge each moment. The struggles of the forest prowler grew fainter and fainter; and, drowned, poisoned, and mauled by the terrible teeth, he was about to succumb. But the alligator was not destined to have his own way. Just as he stretched his ugly body out of the water, the better to take a pull long and strong, a bullet from the captain's rifle smote his exposed side and turned him belly upward, dead as a herring. A ball from the second barrel mercifully ended the tiger's existence.

#### More Sinned Against than Sinning.

"Yes. He's fine-looking enough, and talented enough, but such a flirt! I wish some one would surprise and carry off that guarded heart of his, and then laugh at his discomfiture. It would pay him off nicely for his trifling."

"Suppose you try the experiment, Annie. You are practiced enough in the art of captivation, if report is right! I wonder at your censure of flirts."

"What reports? You cannot think me a flirt?"

"Oh! I only referred in jest to something I heard to the effect that you had jilted Frank Marvyn, and that it was too bad for you to flirt so."

"Oh, dear! I suppose because Frank Marvyn chose to force his presence upon me till I got tired of the sight of him, and encouraged Phil Dalande in sheer self-defense, it is something dreadful!"

"But could you not have given him to understand that his case was hopeless at the first?"

"To be sure; I might have turned to the gentleman and said, 'My dear Mr. Marvyn, I have a very kind disposition, and as I am a very charming person, and you may fall deeply in love with me, I wish to warn you to avoid my fascinating society, for I consider myself too much your superior to return your regard, if you do!'"

"It is not necessary to say anything, Annie," laughed her cousin. "Your manner should have repelled him."

"As if he could understand manner! Ugh! His oh-do-have-pity-upon-me-face is before me now."

"And this Phil Dalande—I suppose he is in a state of suspense by this time?"

"Oh, no; we understand each other perfectly."



A CAT NURSING A RAT.

This course of action was several times repeated before the young hunter was allowed much time for reflection. He was in hopes that the brute would get tired of the useless charges it was making, and either go away itself or give him the opportunity.

In this hope he was doomed to disappointment. The animal, exasperated with the wounds it had received, appeared implacable, and for more than an hour it kept running around the tree, in vain attempts to get at him.

As he had very little trouble in avoiding these, there was plenty of opportunity for reflection, and he passed the time in devising some plan to settle the misunderstanding between the borelé and himself.

The first he thought of was to make use of his rifle. The weapon was within his reach, where he had dropped it when diving under the tree, but, when about to reload it, he discovered that the ramrod was missing!

So sudden had been the charge of the borelé, at the time the rifle was last loaded, that the ramrod had not been returned to its proper place, but left behind upon the plain. This was an unlucky circumstance, and for a time the young hunter could not think of anything better than to keep turning from side to side to avoid the presence of the besieger.

The borelé at last seemed to show signs of exhaustion, or, at all events, began to perceive the unprofitable nature of the tactics it had been pursuing.

But the spirit of revenge was not in the least weakened within it, for it made no move toward taking its departure from the spot.

On the contrary, it lay down by the baobab, in

He immediately proceeded to pour another dose of powder into the rifle, but, while thus engaged, a new danger suddenly presented itself.

The dry grass projected from the gun had ignited and set fire to the dead leaves that were strewn plentifully over the ground.

In an instant these were ablaze, the flame spreading rapidly on all sides and moving toward him.

The trunk of the baobab could no longer afford protection. In another minute it would be enveloped in the red fire, and to stay by its side would be to perish in the flames. There was no alternative but to get to his feet and run for his life.

Not a moment was to be lost, and, slipping from under the tree, he started off at the top of his speed.

The chances were in his favor for escaping unobserved by the rhinoceros; but fortune seemed decidedly against him.

Before getting twenty paces from the tree, he saw that he was pursued. Guided either by one eye or its keen sense of hearing, the monster was following him at a pace so rapid that, if long enough continued, it must certainly overtake him.

Once more the young hunter began to feel something like despair. Death seemed hard upon his heels. A few seconds more and he might be impaled on that terrible horn. But for that instinctive love of life which all feel, he might have surrendered himself to fate, and, urged by this, he kept on.

He was upon the eve of falling to the earth through sheer exhaustion, when his ears were saluted by the deep-toned bay of a hound, and,



THE TUG OF WAR.



He has too much sense to care for such a butterfly as I am. I suppose my intimacy with him strengthens the idea that I am a coquette, but what of that? When people are talking about me, they are not indulging their amiability over any one else."

"And how about George Sylvester?" pursued the other.

"How you do tease me, coz! One might as well be shut up in a cloister till marriageable age, and then brought out into market and sold to the highest bidder, as to live in this enlightened age and feel obliged to accept the first one who offers. If we have not the privilege of choosing, we certainly ought to have the privilege of knowing, those we accept. I was not to blame there, for I really wanted to like the man, but he showed such a jealous, exacting nature, that I was convinced he could never make me happy. His intellect and person are superior, and I have no doubt he would mate nicely with some gentle, yielding creature; but I could not endure to see him look and act as if every word and glance belonged to him—even before he had asked the right to monopolize me. I'm sure I'm no coquette."

"Perhaps Thorne can find as many excuses for his conduct."

"Oh, no; he has the right to choose, you know; and after he has paid attention to one for awhile, off he goes after another, and I'm sure it is not because they refuse him."

"Take care, Annie! There is a lurking admiration in those words, spite of your condemnation. I am afraid if you act on my suggestion that you will lose your heart instead of gaining his."

"Never fear, coz. Indeed, now I think I shall, if only to show that I am not so easily conquered. And with this resolution away went Annie."

Let us now take a peep at the subject of this discussion. Seated in a comfortable arm-chair, with his dressing-gown falling over a graceful form, and his hair thrown carelessly back from a white, expansive forehead, he seems certainly not a very bad specimen of manhood. He has one habit, though, which, to say the least, is rather careless, that of thinking aloud. Listen:

"What a simpleton I was, though, to offer my precious self to her! I might have known, if Cupid and vanity had not blinded me, what her answer would have been. I suppose by this time I have got the reputation of being a flirt; but what is one to do? I'll not marry those I don't like; and if those I do like won't marry me, I'm not to blame. Absurd idea! that I had trifled with Emily Arne's affections! They give her credit for more heart and less taste than she or I possess. If they could have seen, when I made a fool of myself by proposing, how she laughed at my 'boyish fancy,' as she called it, 'in thinking myself in love with a woman quite four years older than myself—time' in which to form four more as serious attachments as this!—and heard her assurance—when I became indignant at this intimation of fickleness—that I did really care as much for her as I thought, her vanity would prevent her accepting, for she could not bear the idea of people's saying of her, 'How old Mrs. Thorne looks, compared with her husband! I wonder if he ever compares his wife with any of the women he ought to have married?' And then, when I assured her that time could not mar her loveliness, &c., &c., to hear her still incredulous tones as she said, 'She had not suspected this; and to end an interview that was becoming painful, she would state that she was already engaged.' And then to crown all, to see the ridiculous haste with which I left; I think they would transfer their pity. However, I'll not tell them! It's better to be known as a lady-killer than a rejected suitor. I don't think so, but that others do is evident, though they do moralize to the contrary. Heigh-ho! I must do something to keep off the blues. I have it; I'll go ask that little witch, Annie Clarke, to have a drive with me! And it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a little flirtation there. It would keep my mind from Emily, and there'll be no love lost, for Annie is a coquette, if ever there was one."

On that afternoon "coz" entered Annie's room, crying:

"Annie, there is an opportunity for you; read this," holding up a note.

"Sure enough!" cried Annie, dancing round the room, with mischief sparkling in her eyes. "I wonder what brought this about? I believe the fates are working!"

"No doubt of it, Annie," was the reply, as she assisted in making the appearance of the pretty Annie as attractive as possible, and soon the gay pair were on their way for a ride.

Their road lay through a delightfully-shaded retreat, and as they talked of its quiet beauties their thoughts unconsciously took a deeper tone, and once the young man sighed, upon which he looked up quickly to see if his mischief-loving companion had observed, and was ready to rally him upon it.

As he looked, they were passing a more open space, and a ray of sunlight just then came shimmering through the trees, and danced fitfully among Annie's golden-brown curls; and his questioning glance turned into one of admiration. She raised her eyes, and as she saw his expression, blushed, while she said:

"That was, of course, a pitying sigh for the weakness of those who indulge in sentiment, judging from your words a few moments since."

"Please make allowance for many things I say, Annie."

"Of course, I shall," was the meaning rejoinder.

"Everybody knows that Hal Thorne says and does unaccountable things."

He understood her.

"Do they? I am aware of it, and that 'everybody' is prejudiced."

"But they agree that they are done in a graceful manner."

"Now, Annie, I suppose you think my vanity is quite healed by that timely flattery?"

"To be sure! Like a skillful physician, I un-

derstood your case, and applied a medicine, which I hope you have taken, like a dutiful boy."

"Certainly. And in return I shall insist on your not protesting against 'open flattery,' as you set us the example."

"Oh, I'll agree not to protest against it; but bear in mind that that is not receiving it; and if not received, what good will it do to offer it?"

"I shall have the satisfaction of wishing to do a benevolent act, of course!"

"There! You are not so averse to flattery, after all, or you would not intimate that it was agreeable to us. Confess, now. Ah, I can read it in your eyes," raising her beautiful eyes with a roguish glance to his face.

"Never trust the eye, Annie. It can be schooled to disguise thought as well as words can."

"Can it? How came you to learn this, pray?"

"By practice, of course. Admire my frankness in admitting it."

"Oh, yes. I am ready to admire good qualities in any one."

"Thank you. We ought to be very good friends—having so many sentiments in common, if we have not the sentimental."

"Or the sensible. But here we are at home."

They parted, with the mutual wish expressed to meet again.

"I wonder," thought he, as he drove away, "why Annie blushed so? Was the spirit of coquetry working under that seemingly careless exterior? That blush and that glance into my eyes would lead one to think so. What glorious eyes she has, though!" And thus musing, we leave him.

"Well," thought Annie, "a favorable beginning, really! I wonder if he has decided upon a conquest of poor me in addition to the rest, that he showed so evident a desire for a more intimate acquaintance. He has commenced sighing rather early, though, I think. However, he will be mated, or I'm not Annie Clark. A splendid flirtation."

He was mated, as will be seen.

As Annie said, they had a "splendid flirtation;" and for once people did not object. The gentlemen said:

"They were a well-matched pair"—wondered which would win in the "Game of Hearts" they were evidently playing, and said, "It was a good thing that Annie Clark was appropriated by Thorne, as there was less danger of their being bewitched by her fascinations." And the ladies decided that Miss Annie was welcome to him. "They did not care to listen to his tender speeches. They were sure that this flirtation of hers would not end pleasantly to either party," all of which comments, though they do remind us slightly of the fox and grapes, must be set down to poor human nature.

But Annie did not know how hard it was to enjoy this constant interchange of thought and feeling, and still be heart-free. All unconsciously to herself she would blush and sigh in his presence, and if she caught herself wishing he was what he appeared—sincere and noble—she would condemn herself "for wishing to entrap a true heart." "Rather mortifying, though," she would say, "to think how poorly I succeed. Here have I, with the most commendable self-denial, given up all other admirers for this most worthy object, and am no nearer accomplishing it than at first, for aught I see. Yet, how could I know whether I succeeded or not? Of course look and manner are under perfect control; and how should I know that tender words and manner were not assumed for effect? I have a good will to give up the idea after all, and drop him. But there! good Mrs. Thorne would decide wisely as usual that I was not to blame for his non-attendance. I wish I had thought of this before!"

She was saved the necessity of dropping him by his appearance on an evening shortly after.

"I came to bid you good-by," he said; "I start in the early train to-morrow for New York. I have offered to take the management of a friend's affairs, and shall be gone some months; and I could not go without seeing you once more."

A sudden flush dyed her face as he spoke, leaving it very pale; but he did not see it, as her face was from the light. Her voice was quite calm, though low, as she asked:

"But is not this a sudden resolution? I shall miss you very much. But," assuming a light tone, "as it can't be avoided, there's no use in being sad about it, is there? We shall see each other again, sometime; meanwhile, you will find some more congenial spirit, and I—I'll coax Mr. Dalande to be my attendant bean till you come back, and then we can renew our little flirtation, can't we? Indeed, it's not so bad, after all, as we are both fond of change," she said, looking up with a bewitching smile.

His lips were compressed for a moment, and a pale, stern expression rested there; and then, in a light, gay tone, he said:

"To be sure—that is, if your changing fancy shall not have selected some one else ere that time."

"Do you think it possible for me to prefer another? You are modest."

"Am I? I was not aware that I possessed that desirable virtue. But I must away. Good-by, Annie."

"Good-by."

He held her hand a moment, looked searchingly in her face, and was gone. She did not observe the look, for all her powers were employed in self-control—in trying to seem what she was not; for the sharp pain—a pain that nearly stopped the beating of her heart, at his first words—forced an unhappy truth upon her consciousness; and, as the door closed upon him, she abandoned herself to bitter thought.

"It was well for my pride," said Thorne to himself, as he walked away, "that her manner warned me not to commit myself. It has ended just as I feared. I did hope to prove that there was a little womanly feeling under that light exterior; but they are all equally heartless, and I—I am aston-

ished at my own changeableness! That I did love the other sincerely, my feelings assured me; yet now Annie has entire possession of my senses! Oh, Annie, why have you no heart?"

The coldness of the air aroused him to the fact that he was gloveless; and remembering that he had left them at Mrs. Clark's, he retraced his steps.

"I shall see her once more," he murmured; "but can I trust myself? I must. I cannot deny myself this."

He re-entered the house with the freedom of old acquaintanceship, and, as he entered the parlor, heard, a low, passionate voice, saying:

"And it has come to this! But he does not know it! I am sure he could suspect nothing! Oh, Hal! Hal! I love you, spite of all! What shall I do? what shall I do?"

And he saw Annie, with her head bent upon her hands, tears trickling down through her fingers.

"Come to me, darling, and let me comfort you," replied a tender voice, and Hal Thorne, bending toward her, drew her bowed form within his arms.

She burst from him, and stood up with flashing eye.

"How dare you," she cried, "come here and steal my secret from me? You learn my weakness, and dare to pity me!"

"Hear me, Annie," he said, gently detaining her, as she would have left him. "I have loved you long; but your manner taught me to guard my feelings. I came here this evening, resolved to risk all, and ask a return. I had not much hope, and your manner chilled me. I went away, resolved never to see you again—and I am thankful for the accident which called me back. I had a wrong impression of you, as you doubtless had of me; but if you will trust your happiness in my keeping, I will strive to undo that impression. Will you, Annie? and am I forgiven?"

"Yes."

### DON'T JUDGE FROM APPEARANCES.

"HALLOA, Limpy, the cars will start in a minute; hurry up, or we shall leave you behind."

The cars were waiting at a station of one of our Western railroads. The baggage-master was busy with checks. The men were hurrying to and fro with chests and valises, packages and trunks. Men, women and children were rushing for the cars, and hastily securing their seats, while the locomotive snorted, and puffed.

A man carelessly dressed was standing on the platform of the depot. He was looking around him, and seemingly paid little attention to what was passing. It was easy to see that he was lame. At a hasty glance one might easily have supposed that he was a man of neither wealth nor influence. The conductor gave him a contemptuous look, and slapping him familiarly on the shoulder, called out:

"Halloa, Limpy, better get aboard, or the cars will leave you behind."

"Time enough, I reckon," replied the individual, and he retained his seemingly listless position.

The last trunk was tumbled into the baggage-car. "All aboard!" cried the conductor. "Get on, Limpy!" said he, as he passed the lame, carelessly-dressed man. The lame man made no reply.

Just as the train was slowly moving away the lame man stepped on to the platform of the last car, and walking in, quietly took a seat. The train had moved on a few miles when the conductor appeared at the door of the car where our friend was sitting. Passing along, he soon discovered the stranger whom he had seen at the station.

"Hand out your money here."

"I don't pay," replied the lame man, very quietly.

"Don't pay?"

"No, sir."

"We'll see about that: I shall put you off at the next station!" and he seized the valise which was on the rack over the head of our friend.

"Better not be so rough, young man," returned the stranger.

The conductor released the carpet-bag for a moment, and seeing that he could do no more then, passed on to collect the fare from the other passengers. As he stopped at a seat a few paces off, a gentleman who had heard the conversation just mentioned looked up at the conductor, and asked him:

"Do you know whom you were speaking to just now?"

"No, sir."

"That was Peter Warburton, the President of the road."

"Are you sure of that?" replied the conductor, trying to conceal his agitation.

"I know him."

The color rose a little in the young man's face, but with a strong effort he controlled himself and went on collecting his fare as usual.

Meanwhile Mr. Warburton sat quietly in his seat; none of those near him could unravel the expression of his face, nor tell what would be the next movement in the scene. And he—of what thought he? He had been rudely treated; he had been unkindly taunted with the infirmity which had come through no fault of his. He could revenge himself if he chose. He could tell the directors the simple truth, and the young man would be deprived of his place at once. Should he do it?

And yet why should he care? He knew what he was worth. He knew how he had risen by his own exertions to the position he now held. When, a little orange-pepper, he stood by the street crossings, he had many a rebuff. He had outlived those days of hardship; he was respected now. Should he care for a stranger's roughness or taunt? Those who sat near him waited curiously to see the end.

Presently the conductor came back. With a steady energy he walked up to Mr. Warburton's side; he took his books from his pocket, the bank-bills, the tickets which he had collected, and laid them in Mr. Warburton's hand.

"I resign my place, sir," he said.

The President looked over the accounts for a moment, then motioning to the vacant seat at his side, said:

"Sit down, sir; I would like to talk with you."

As the young man sat down, the President turned to him a face in which was no angry feeling, and spoke to him in an undertone:

"My young friend, I have no revengeful feelings to gratify in this matter; but you have been very imprudent. Your manner, had it been thus to a stranger, would have been injurious to the interests of the company. I might tell them of this; but I will not. By doing so I should throw you out of your situation, and you might find it difficult to get another. But in future remember to be polite to all you meet. You cannot judge a man by the coat he wears; and even the poorest should be treated with civility. Take up your books, sir; I shall tell no one of what has passed. If you change your course, nothing that has happened shall

injure you. Your situation is continued. Good morning, sir."

The train of cars swept on, as many a train has done before; but within it a lesson had been given and learned, and the purport of the lesson ran somewhat thus: Don't judge from appearances.

### FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FEMALE school-teacher, in her advertisement, stated that she was "complete mistress of her own tongue." "If that's the case," said a caustic old bachelor, "she can't ask too much for her services."

"HAVE you any limbborn bonnets?" inquired a very modest miss of a shopkeeper.

"Any what?"

"Any limbborn bonnets."

"Any—you don't mean leghorn?"

The young lady was brought to by the proper restoration.

### THE DIFFERENCE.

If fellows break into a house,  
To bone the cash they need,  
And get off safely with the swag,  
'Tis said the thieves succeed;  
If bankers do the self-same thing,  
Upon a larger scale,  
And they get safely off the swag,  
'Tis said the bankers fail.

O'CONNELL, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, stopped for a word, and then added, "this sawfragsome ruffian." When afterward asked by his friends the meaning of the word, he confessed he did not know, but said "he thought it sounded well."

"But, as I said before, we have proved to you where that town line is. Yes, gentlemen of the jury, there it is, and there will it remain forever; and all the ingenuity of my learned brother can never efface it—can never wash it out. No, gentlemen; he may plant one foot on the outermost ring of the planet Saturn, and plant the other on Arcurus, and seize the Meides by the hair and wring them dry, but he cannot wash out that town line—never, never!"

As William drew his Susan near,

He whispered to his bride.

"Though queer it sounds, I love, my dear,

To live by Suey's side."

As a Scotch schoolmaster was employed one day in the delightful task of teaching a sharp urchin to cipher on the slate, the precocious pupil put the following question to his instructor: "Whaur dis a' the figures gang till when they're rabbit out?"

"CHILDREN," said a considerate matron to her progeny, "you can have anything you want, but you must not want anything you can't have."

SOME people sprinkle their husbands with tears in order that they may sweep the cash out of their pockets; just as people usually sprinkle the floor before sweeping.

THE more ill a man's luck is, the less likely it is to die.

THE cheapest of lawyers—keeping one's own counsel.

TRANSPORTED for life—the man who marries happily.

AN eloquent speaker is like a river—greatest at the mouth.

WANTED to know—whether the volume of sound has yet been found.

ALL diseases speak to us solemnly and eloquently except the dumb ague.

SHOCKING knowledge—personal acquaintance with a galvanic battery.

AN arch young lady should be an archer, for she can bend her bow as she pleases.

LARGE men are less quarrelsome than little ones. The largest of all oceans is Pacific.

A PUBLIC speaker, like a hunting-dog, should give careful attention to his points.

TERNTON says that every sea is full of life. He should have excepted the Dead Sea.

It does not follow that Rome was built in the night because it wasn't built in a day.

AN author, if an inveterate smoker, is exposed to a double danger—putting himself to death, and being puffed to death by others.

A COUNTRY paper speaks of a man who "died without the aid of a physician." Such instances of death are very rare.

ONE of the safest places during a thunder-storm is an omnibus in motion, because it is furnished with a conductor.

"Do you think me guilty of falsehood?" asked Mr. Knott of a gentleman he was addressing.

"Sir, I must render a verdict of Knott guilty."

"AND ye have taken the tee-total pledge, have ye?" said somebody to an Irishman.

"Indade I have, and am not ashamed of it either."

"And did not Paul tell Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake?"

"So he did; but my name is not Timothy, and there's nothing the matter with my stomach."

AN old bachelor says that every woman is in the wrong until she cries—and then she is in the right instantly.

LOVE, the toothache, smoke, a cough, and a tight boot are things which cannot possibly be kept secret very long.

WHY is an address pronounced on board a ship like a finger-ring? Because it is a decoration (deck oration).

A YANKEE doctor has recently got up a remedy for hard times. It consists of ten hours' hard labor, well worked in.

WE often hear of a man "being in advance of his age," but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

A LOVE-SICK young gentleman, who has taken very much of late to writing sonnets, has just hung himself with one of his own lines.

A MAN lately inquiring for letters at a country post-office, was told there was none, upon which he asked if there was not another post-office in the place?

IF a man is detected in an attempt to take a pint pot, is it to be proceeded against as an act of felony, or simply regarded as a strong desire for carrying out a measure?

A DANDY, wishing to be witty, accosted an old rag-mun as follows:

"You take all sorts of trumpery in your cart, don't you?"

"Yes; jump in—jump in!"

A WOULD-BE gentleman, the other day, called at a post-office, and displayed his ignorance of natural history or the French language, or both, by requesting to be supplied with a stamped antelope!



# INDIANS SPEARING STURGEON IN OREGON.

The spearman stands in the bow of his boat, armed with a most formidable spear. The handle, from seventy to eighty feet long, is made of white pine wood; fitted on the spear-head is a barbed point, in shape very much like a shuttlecock, supposing each feather represented by a piece of bone, thickly barbed, and very sharp at the end. This is so contrived that it can be easily detached from the long handle by a sharp, dexterous jerk. To this barbed contrivance a long line is made fast, which is carefully coiled away close to the spearman, like the harpoon in a whale-boat.

The four canoes, alike equipped, are paddled into the centre of the stream, and side by side drift slowly down with the current, each spearman carefully feeling along the bottom with his spear, constant practice having taught the crafty savages to know a sturgeon's back when the spear comes in contact with it. The spear-head touches the drowsy fish; a sharp plunge, and the redskin sends the notched points through armor and cartilage, deep into the leather-like muscles. A skillful jerk frees the long handle from the barbed end, which remains inextricably fixed in the fish; the handle is thrown aside, the line seized, and the struggle begins. The first impulse is to resist this objectionable intrusion, so the angry sturgeon comes up to see what it all means. This curiosity is generally repaid by having a second spear sent crashing into him. He then takes a header, seeking safety in flight, and the real excitement commences.

With might and main the bowman plies the paddles and the spearman pays out the line, the canoe flying through the water; the slightest tangle, the least hitch, and over it goes. It becomes, in fact, a sheer trial of paddle versus fin. Twist and turn as the sturgeon may, all the canoes are with him. He flings himself out of the water, dashes through it, under it, and skims along the surface; but all is in vain, the canoes and their dusky crews follow all his efforts to escape, as a cat follows a mouse. Gradually the sturgeon grows sulky and tired, obstinately floating on the surface. The savages know he is not vanquished, but only biding a chance for revenge; so he shortens up the line, and gathers quietly on him, to get another spear in. It is done; and down viciously dives the sturgeon. But pain and weariness begin to tell, the struggles grow weaker and weaker as he ebbs slowly away, until the mighty armored monarch of the river yields himself a captive to the dusky native in his frail canoe.

**When you are depressed by the gaunt, sickly feeling of a disordered system, which needs to be cleansed and stimulated into healthy action, take a dose or two of AYER'S PILLS, and see how quick you can be restored for a shilling.**

## Barnum's New American Museum.

Broadway, between Spring and Prince streets. Cool! Cool! Cool! A delightfully cool atmosphere! Fourth week and continued Success of Mr. G. L. Fox's splendid Spectacular Pantomime. MR. G. L. FOX, MISS KATE PENNOYER, MR. C. E. FOX, and the full and efficient grand Pantomime Company, amuse full and appreciative audiences every afternoon at 2—Evening at 8, in the new and gorgeous Comedie Pantomime, JACK AND GILL WENT UP THE HILL. Remarkable Transformations, Laughable Tricks, and Mirth-inspiring incidents. To be seen at all hours, Myriads of Curiosities, Wonders of Nature and Art. The CAROLINA TWINS, inseparably joined yet graceful in movement; Master Alley Turner, Infant Drummer; a Mammoth Fat Child, three years old, weighs 190lb; Three Dwarfs; Glassblowers; Circassian Girl; Two Nylghaus; 300 Living Australian Birds; 3,000 Specimens of Native Birds; the African Vulture; the Adjutant; Living ORANG-OUTANG from Borneo; ONE HUNDRED LIVING MONKEYS, largest collection in America; Living Three-Horned Bull; a Fawn; Living Boa Constrictors; Cosmorama, Learned Seal, Happy Family Grand Aquarium, 100,000 Curiosities. Admission, 30 cents, children under ten, 15 cents.

**Contagious Diseases.**—Water must be adapted to the nature of the fish, or there will be no increase; the soil must be adapted to the seed, or there will be small returns; and the human body must contain impurities, or there will be no sickness. The man whose bowels and blood have been cleansed by a few

### BRANDRETH'S PILLS

may walk through infected districts without fear. "The life of the flesh is in the blood." To secure health we must USE BRANDRETH'S PILLS, because we cannot be sick but from unhealthy accumulations in the bowels or the blood, which Brandreth's Pills remove; this method is following nature, and is safe, and has stood the TEST OF TIME. See B. Brandreth in white letters in the Government stamp. Sold by all Druggists.

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# WORM LOZENGES.

We can with confidence point to FELLOW'S WORM LOZENGES as the most perfect remedy for those troublesome pests, Intestinal Worms.

After years of careful experiment, success has crowned our efforts, and we now offer to the world a confection without a single fault, being safe, convenient, effectual and pleasant. No injurious result can occur, let them be used in whatever quantity. Not a particle of calomel enters their composition. They may be used without further preparation, and at any time. Children will eagerly devour all you give them, and ask for more. They never fail in expelling Worms from their dwelling-place, and they will always strengthen the weak and emaciated, even when he is not afflicted with worms.

Price 25 cents per box; five for \$1. A liberal discount to the trade.

In New Brunswick (British Provinces), where these Lozenges were first introduced, and their great value as a Worm Specific discovered, there has been over one hundred gross a year used. Hereafter they will be manufactured at the New England Botanic Depot, Boston, Mass., under the supervision of the Proprietor, 566-73 GEO. W. SWETT, M.D.

**Wanted.—Agents.—\$150 to \$250 per Month** for ladies and gentlemen, everywhere, to introduce the COMMON SENSE FAMILY SEWING MACHINE, enlarged, improved and perfected. It will hem, fell, stitch, band, braid and embroider beautifully, and is fully warranted for five years. Price only \$20. We pay the above wages, or a commission from which twice that amount can be made. Call on, or address, H. H. REGISTER & CO., 65 Broadway, Room No. 2. All letters answered promptly, with circulars and terms. 569-72

**300 per cent. Profit for Agents.**—Three Gentle Articles, everywhere needed and sold at sight. All sent, with particulars, free, by mail, for 35 cents. Address E. H. MARTIN, Hinsdale, N. H.

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IMPROVED

**\$5 SEWING MACHINE! \$5**

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"Kiss Me While I'm Dreaming," by Wimmerstedt, 30. "I'll Say Good-Night," Wilcox, 30. "Be Kind to Darling Sister Nell," Banks, 30. "I Love the Little Ripping Stream," Crosby, 30. "The Colonel from Constantinople," A Comic Song Sung by the Florences, 40. "Wearing of the Green," Transcribed by Baumbach, 40. "Fairy Wedding Waltz," by Turner, 30. These new and popular pieces will be sent post-paid, on receipt of price. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

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No. 17718.....drew.....\$100,000  
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Being the six capital prizes. Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest rates paid for doubloons and all kinds of gold and silver.

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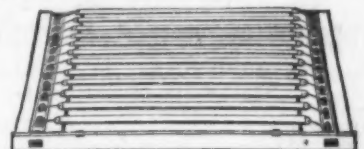
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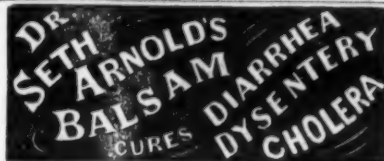
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